



No. 641.—VOL. L.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 10, 1905.

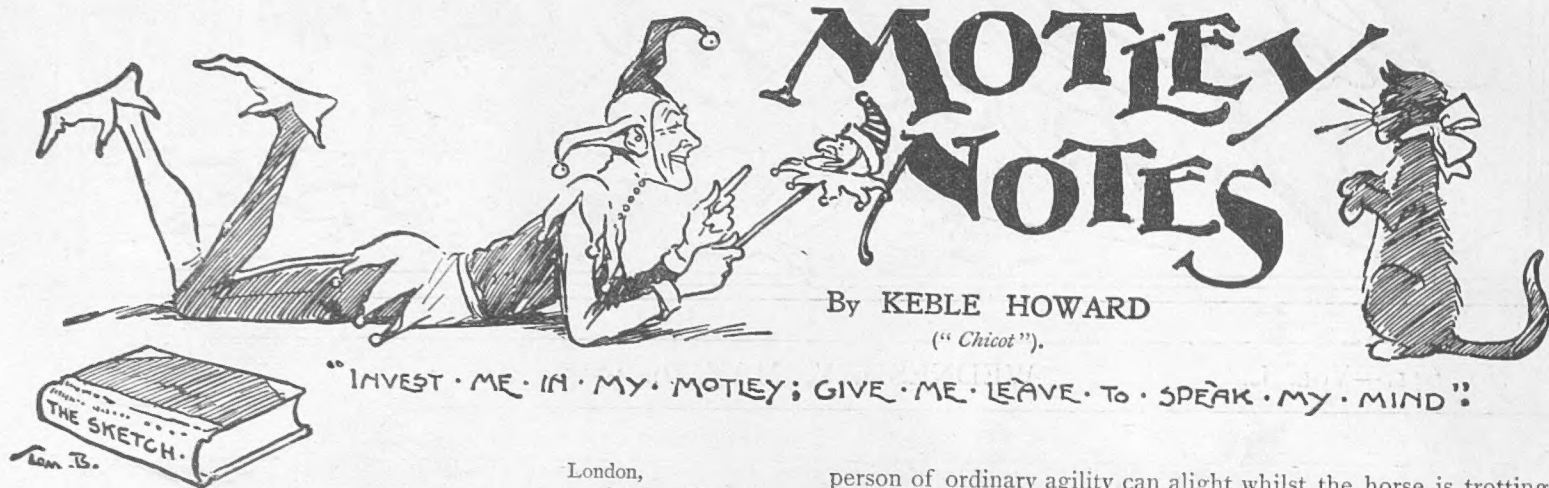
SIXPENCE.



FROM "DRAMMER" TO VAUDEVILLE AT £4 A MINUTE: MISS CISSIE LOFTUS,
WHO HAS RECENTLY BEEN PLAYING IN AN AMERICAN MUSIC-HALL.

Miss Cissie Loftus, who is under contract to Mr. Daniel Frohman, recently appeared at an up-town vaudeville house in New York while she was "resting," and gave a week of "imitations" for the fee of £630. Her "turn" occupied twenty-five minutes. (See Article on Page 100.)

Photograph by Hall, New York.



"INVEST · ME · IN · MY · MOTLEY; GIVE · ME · LEAVE · TO · SPEAK · MY · MIND"

London,
Sunday, May 7.

I WENT to the Academy on "Picture Day"—that is to say, Monday. It is called "Picture Day" to distinguish it from "Private View Day" and the "Opening Day," on which occasions it is exceedingly bad form to turn your back on the people in the centre of the room. Many of those who attended on Monday, by the way, had evidently made a mistake about the date, for they were struggling gallantly to ignore the pictures, and, in several cases, succeeding. The young lady-art-students from outlying districts, on the other hand, were struggling to get quite close to Sargent's portrait of Lady Warwick. This eagerness resulted in a series of wrestling matches, yet it would be hardly fair to attribute the scrimmage to snobbishness. The young lady-art-student, as a rule, is extremely short-sighted; at any rate, she generally wears pince-nez. Again, it is an education in itself to gaze long and fixedly at a Sargent. I happen to know that, not from personal experience, but because I listened to the conversation of two lady-art-students, both of whom wore pince-nez, evidently treated their hair with derision, and, generally speaking, looked as clever as possible.

"I always think," said the first, speaking in a quick, thin, nervous voice, "that one should devote a whole day at least to the Sargents. The other things can be done at any time."

"I quite agree with you," replied the other, at the same time casting about for some point upon which it would be possible to disagree. "It is a duty that one owes to one's self-respect to thoroughly absorb—I mean to say—"

"You mean that his work is an education in itself?"

"Of course, dear. That goes without saying. But I always think that if you can appreciate Sargent, you can appreciate anything."

"I don't quite—"

"Well, don't you see, if one can approach Sargent in a thoroughly intimate manner—"

"Oh, one must always be in perfect sympathy with him, I think."

"Yes, or even more than that. One must be prepared to sacrifice all one's preconceived tastes and ideas, to—"

"To come to him as a worshipper, so to speak, rather than a critic?"

"Exactly. I wonder—" She hesitated, and peeped over her shoulder to see if anyone was listening. Of course, nobody was.

"I wonder," she continued, "if it would be possible to get some tea."

I am reading with especial interest the Irish articles by Mr. Bart Kennedy that are appearing in the *Daily Mail* under the general heading, "The Green Sphinx." A few years ago, I visited the very districts through which Mr. Kennedy is now taking us, and I am naturally curious to see whether our impressions of the country are in harmony. So far, I have discovered two points only upon which I differ from him. The first is with regard to the jaunting-car. Mr. Bart Kennedy, I am sorry to find, does not like the jaunting-car. He says: "It seemed to me an eminently unsafe way of riding, and I trembled to think of the fate of a man who rode on one after dining not wisely but too well. A jaunting-car may be very well, but give me a hansom." Fancy a man seriously comparing our London death-trap with the delightful jaunting-car! Personally, I have never felt so safe in any vehicle—except, perhaps, a motor-car, when one doesn't care much whether it upsets or not—as on a jaunting-car. That, as a matter of fact, is the chief beauty of the jaunting-car: you do not ride in it, but on it. Any

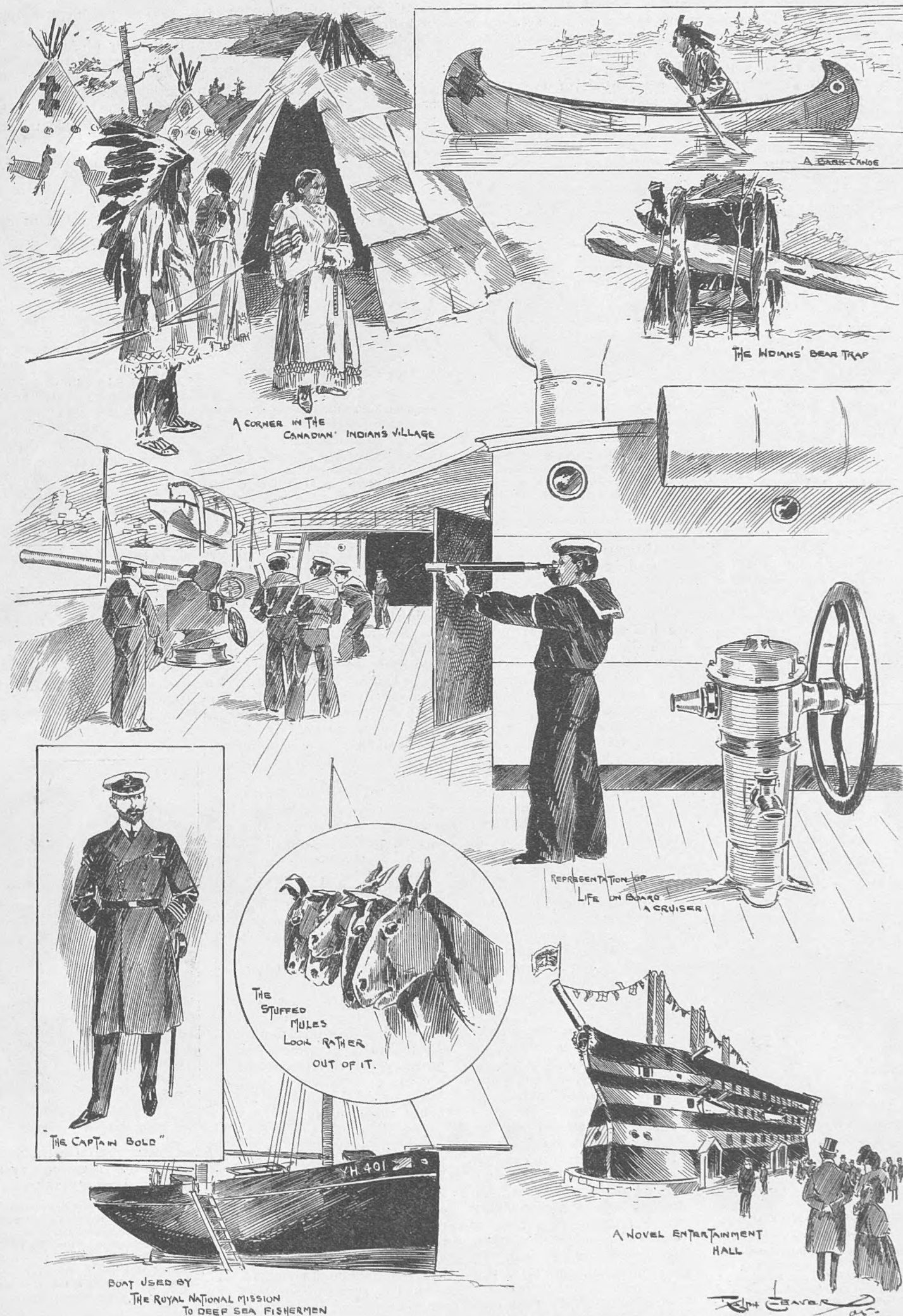
person of ordinary agility can alight whilst the horse is trotting: you never saw a man jump out of a hansom while the horse was trotting. Then there is no chance of getting one's face cut with broken glass, the motion is delightfully easy, and you get a magnificent view of the surrounding country. I drove fifty miles one day on a jaunting-car, and the joy and exhilaration of that drive is with me still. As for hansom, I hate 'em.

The other point has to do with the question of tipping. Mr. Kennedy offered a tip to a waitress in Cork, and was badly snubbed. "I came away from the restaurant," he says, "feeling an undercurrent of jubilation beneath the sense of humiliation at my want of manners. Ireland was a land where the people were too proud and haughty to take tips! But I discovered my mistake in the ripeness of time." Of course, it is ridiculous to form a hard-and-fast opinion about the idiosyncrasies of a whole race, more particularly after a very brief observation of that race. My own experiences in the West of Ireland, however, constantly went to show that the peasant-folk were far too proud to accept tips. A striking example of this extraordinary characteristic occurred to me when I made a pilgrimage to Salruck graveyard. I was piloted through the eerie place of tombs by a young, dreamy-looking peasant who talked to me, through the rain, of restless spirits and quaint, beautiful legends. I was deeply interested, and, on leaving, endeavoured to show my gratitude in the usual blunt, rude, well-meaning, prosaic English manner. The young peasant, whose clothes were in rags, smiled upon me a little sadly, touched his hat, put his hands in his pockets, and walked away. Like Mr. Kennedy, I felt very small. This characteristic, I hasten to add, is not in evidence at Killarney, or any of the more popular show-places.

Is it not rather odd that a man should preface his address to a temperance association by telling the audience that he has been a teetotaler all his life? It seems to me tantamount to admitting that he knows nothing whatever about the subject. Take, for example, Sir Frederick Treves. With considerable gusto, he told the Church of England Temperance Society the other day that alcohol was a poison, and that the use of it should be as strictly limited as that of any other kind of poison. Let us examine this statement, not as scientific experts, but as people of common-sense who are too level-headed to find total abstinence a necessity. Alcohol, says Sir Frederick, is a poison because people who take alcohol eventually die. Well, so do people who take water. As a matter of fact, when I am in the wilds of the country I always congratulate myself that I am not a water-drinker. I have heard of people who drank water being seized with sudden pains and dying in agony at twenty-four hours' notice. I never heard of such a thing happening to a person who drank moderately of wine, beer, or spirits.

Again, Sir Frederick informed the delighted members of the Church of England Temperance Society that alcohol was not an appetiser, and that the use of it was inconsistent with fine work of any sort. You see, he was so anxious to be emphatic that he defeated his own object. Hundreds of thousands of people, I suppose, have had reason, at some time or another, to bless a glass of sherry taken half-an-hour before the dinner which, otherwise, they would have been too tired to eat. And did not St. Paul—who, we may presume, was quite as able a man as Sir Frederick Treves—write to Timothy: "Be no longer a drinker of water, but use a little wine for thy stomach's sake and thine own infirmities"?

THE NAVAL, SHIPPING, AND FISHERIES EXHIBITION AT EARL'S COURT.



MISS CISSIE LOFTUS IN NEW YORK.

FROM "DRAMMER" TO VAUDEVILLE AT £4 PER MINUTE.

"SHE moves through the noise and glitter of burlesque with the ingenuous self-possession of spring, to all appearance unconscious of her beauty and heedless of applause, a living allegory of Arcadian simplicity, passing with unstained serenity through the Saturnalia of a masquerade."

That is probably the most faithful pen-portrait of Miss Cissie Loftus ever published. It would lose none of its fidelity if the word "vaudeville" were substituted for the word "burlesque." There is no need to remind anyone who was the artist or under what circumstances the sketch was made. Cissie "left us," as her old London idolaters were wont to say, and, as she is under a contract with Mr. Daniel Frohman for three more years, the London stage is not likely to see her for some time. But London will not forget her.

It seems a disturbing number of years (writes a correspondent in New York) since a dainty, demure little maiden in a white dress used to slip on to the Alhambra stage and sing a song of Mr. Hayden Coffin's in a voice which would have deceived even Mr. George Edwardes had he been blindfold. I can see her pawing the air in "Star of my Soul" even now. In order to satisfy that class of the community which is too virtuous to be seen in the variety house, Miss Loftus, it will be recollected, had to give afternoon imitations in the atmosphere of a Piccadilly building chastened by classic concerts and sanctified by pleasant Sunday afternoon sermons.

Since those days Miss Loftus has been through times of great strenuousness, as we say in America. She has toured with Irving as Marguerite and Ophelia. She has been E. H. Sothorn's Viola in "Twelfth Night," his leading lady in "Richard Lovelace."

She has played Lady Katherine in her former husband's "If I were King." She has appeared in comic opera. She has even sung in grand opera, and now, while resting—as her contract with Daniel Frohman has still some years to run—she has been booked at an up-town vaudeville house in New York for a week's "imitations" for the pleasant six days' holiday fee of £630, the "turn" to occupy about twenty-five minutes.

It was no great task to induce Miss Loftus to laugh over her reminiscences in her room in the wings of the Circle off Broadway the other night.

I don't think she is quite so ambitious to create an illustrious name on the legitimate stage as she was when, with a great flourish of trumpets and in Miss Terry's shoes, she started on the Irving tour six years ago. She has been critically ill this winter. An intimate friend of hers told me they all thought she was dying in February. She finds it easier to give imitations than to play a straight rôle. In an imitation, she says, you hide behind other people's personalities. If they are bad, it is they, and not you, who suffer. In the legitimate you are alone, and it depends

on the mood of the audience as to whether goodness is appreciated or badness condemned.

Mr. Alan Dale, who is the A. B. Walkley of American dramatic criticism, congratulated her on being free from the "terrible Zangwill incubus called 'The Serio-Comic Governess,'" which is the piece in which she has been starring this winter. "I think we had better not talk about Mr. Zangwill," she said (in a way that meant "I could talk for hours on the subject if I were sure it was not going into London print"), "or I might—oh, well, get into trouble, I suppose."

I had sufficient discretion to leave the "Serio-Comic Governess" alone, but, inasmuch as Mr. Zangwill in this month's *Cosmopolitan* has been calling musical comedy "that mush of clotted nonsense," I wasn't sorry that Miss Loftus seemed glad of the chance of saying that she thought she knew as much about the dressing-room of an English music-hall as the author of "The Serio-Comic Governess." He had depicted the dressing-room as it had not existed for a generation. She argued with him, but it was no good.

Mr. Zangwill thinks the prejudice against vaudeville artists and the music-hall in general is greater in London than in New York. He is quite wrong. In America, says Miss Loftus, there is a stigma attached to the variety artist which makes the evolution of music-hall "top-liners" into legitimate "stars" an impossibility. In England she has found herself treated as if she has always played leading Shaksperian rôles. America still clings to the delusion that music-hall artists are necessarily vulgar. According to Mr. Zangwill, it is still something of an adventure for a lady to be at a London music-hall, unseen, sitting well back in a curtained box. "Why," exclaimed Miss Loftus, "everybody has long been going to the London halls! It is only in New York that so strong a discriminating line between vaudeville and the legitimate is drawn."

Miss Loftus, however, cannot complain that New Yorkers are exercising that distinction this spring so far as she is concerned. The spacious music-hall at the foot of Columbus Avenue has been filled with the "Smart Set," most of whom trooped in just before and trooped out just after the Cecilia Loftus "turn." They got better value for their money than the habitual patron has ever extracted from American vaudeville. Her imitation of Miss Ethel Barrymore is probably the cleverest thing she has done either in New York or in London. The house roared with laughter before Miss Loftus, who was simply dressed in a short, pale-blue, schoolgirlish frock, had uttered a word. You know how she comes on the stage—exactly as if she were playing hide-and-seek with the audience. The moment she had shown herself, the Ethel Barrymore atmosphere seemed to surround her, and voice (aggressively American), inflections, and mannerisms, down to the minutest detail, were Ethel Barrymore's—not her own. Her gift is unique, and I agree with Alan Dale in advising her to leave the "drummer" alone.



MRS. BISHOP (NÉE BALDOCK), WHOSE MARRIAGE TO A CHAUFFEUR CAUSED SOME EXCITEMENT.

Mrs. Bishop was Miss Sarah Frances Constance Lilian Baldock, and is the possessor of a considerable fortune in her own right. Her marriage to Mr. Bishop, formerly chauffeur to her father, was in direct opposition to her parents' wishes.



MR. BISHOP, THE CHAUFFEUR WHO MARRIED MISS BALDOCK THE OTHER DAY.

Mr. Cyril Duvall Bishop, who married Miss Baldock the other day, fell in love with his bride while acting as her father's chauffeur some twelve months ago. He was, accordingly, dismissed by Miss Baldock's parents, while Miss Baldock herself was sent abroad.



AN EXTRAORDINARY PIECE OF WOOD-CARVING.

The elaborate piece of work here shown was carved from a solid piece of box-wood with the aid of an ordinary penknife, and is valued at £2,000. It is said to have been the cause of a wager as to whether it was of one piece of wood or no. To prove that it was solid, it was placed in a cauldron of boiling oil and allowed to remain there for several hours, when it was withdrawn still complete.



THE LATE LORD GRIMTHORPE AS A CHERUB: HIS LORDSHIP'S EFFIGY ON ST. ALBANS CATHEDRAL.

Lord Grimthorpe, who died the other day, was, of course, a great lawyer in his time, but he is likely to be remembered chiefly as clock-maker, bishop-baiter, restorer of churches, and "father" of Big Ben. He it was who was chiefly concerned with the restoration of St. Albans Cathedral, and thus it is that he is to be found in effigy upon its front.

FOR NINE YEARS CHIEF COMEDIAN AT DALY'S: MR. HUNTLEY WRIGHT,
WHO IS CLOSING HIS LONG ASSOCIATION WITH MR. GEORGE EDWARDES, IN SOME OF THE PARTS HE HAS PLAYED.



WUN-HI IN "THE GEISHA."

HELIODORAS IN "THE GREEK SLAVE."

CHANBUDDY RAM IN "THE CINGALEE."

LI IN "SAN TOY."

BARRY IN "A COUNTRY GIRL."

Mr. Huntley Wright, the well-known comedian, who has played lead at Daly's Theatre for the past nine years, has now severed his connection with Mr. George Edwardes, simply, he wishes it to be understood, for business reasons. He parts from his manager in a perfectly amicable spirit, and his departure has nothing whatever to do with the recent "Cingalee"- "Lotus-Girl" case. Mr. Huntley Wright made his first success as a member of Mr. George Edwardes' Company as Wun-Hi in "The Geisha," and since that time he has grown steadily in popularity. His part of Bagnolet, orderly to General des Iles, in "The Little Michus" will be taken up by Mr. James Blakeley.

Four Photographs by Ellis and Walery; the centre one by Burford.

HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE. MR. TREE.
On SATURDAY EVENING NEXT, May 13, will be produced a new Play in
Three Acts, entitled,
BUSINESS IS BUSINESS.
Adapted by Sydney Grundy from LES AFFAIRES SONT LES AFFAIRES,
by Octave Mirbeau.

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WYNDHAM'S THEATRE.—Proprietor, Sir Charles Wyndham. Sole Lessee and Manager, Mr. Frank Curzon. EVERY EVENING at 8.45, MR. HOPKINSON. An Original Farce in Three Acts by R. C. CARTON. Preceded at 8.15 by MR. NELSON JACKSON. MATINEE EVERY WED. and SAT. at 3.

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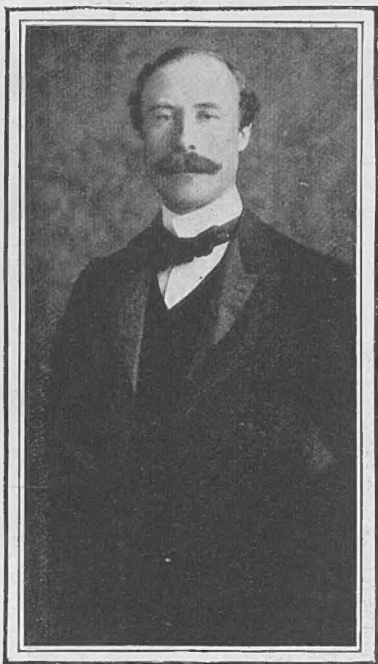
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May 10, 1905.

Signature.....

SMALL TALK *of the* WEEK



THE NEW LORD GRIMTHORPE: ERNEST WILLIAM BECKETT, SECOND BARON GRIMTHORPE.

Mr. Ernest William Beckett, who succeeded to the Barony of Grimthorpe on the death of his father, has represented Whitby in the House of Commons for the past twenty years. He is an enthusiastic collector of works of art, a traveller, and a lover of shooting and golf.

Photograph by Elliott and Fry.

THE KING'S return from his most interesting Continental tour makes us realise once more how well it is for England that she enjoys a monarchy. Since His Majesty's accession the British Empire has gained immensely in prestige owing to Edward the Seventh's remarkable powers as a diplomatist. Never were these shown to such advantage as during the King's last short sojourn in Paris. His Majesty not only had an hour's interview with that uncrowned ruler of France's foreign relations, M. Delcassé, but also took the opportunity of enjoying a shorter conversation with that veteran diplomat, Prince Radolin, the German

Ambassador. Certainly, our Sovereign, who seems bent upon justifying the title of "Peacemaker," deserves the thanks of all those Englishmen whose prosperity is bound up with that of our national commerce.

The Marquise de Jaucourt.

The Marquise de Jaucourt, at whose mansion in the Faubourg Saint-Germain the King lunched while he was in Paris, owes her fortune to her father, Frederick Steiner, the hero of a romance of industry. He was an Alsatian, and when he migrated to this country he brought to Lancashire the secret of extracting aniline dye from coal-tar. The result was a splendid fortune, which he left, together with his business, to his two daughters, Victoria Lina, now the Marquise de Jaucourt, and Eliza, now Mrs. Hartmann. The latter is one of His Majesty's oldest friends, and it will be remembered that four years ago she was granted the tenancy of White Lodge, Richmond Park, for life.

The Court and the Season.

From the point of view of

the Royal Family, this Season promises to be an exceptionally brilliant one, and soon Queen Alexandra will be back from her brief holiday, ready to take up again her duties as chief lady in the land. Already preparations are being made in view of the visit of the King of Spain, and, for the time being, we shall have to forget a word which has passed into the language—that of "Armada." Alfonso XIII. is a sympathetic personality; from his birth his progress has been watched with affectionate interest by the British people, and every effort will be made to show him our country at its most brilliant best. After the Spanish visit will come the Royal wedding at Windsor, and this will mean some long, fatiguing days for the King and Queen, for London, as well as the Royal Borough, will be full of Royal visitors and their suites, and entertainments will follow one another with bewildering rapidity.

The New Lord Grimthorpe.

By the succession of Mr. Ernest William Beckett to the Barony of Grimthorpe, the House of Commons loses a man of strong individuality. Mr. Beckett has in recent years, during Army and Fiscal controversies, proved himself a fearless critic and a trenchant debater.

It was he who led the Conservative revolt against the Army Corps scheme. Probably he was feared rather than loved by occupants of the Treasury Bench. If ability were the only qualification for office, Mr. Beckett might have filled a high place in the Government, but perhaps his own business occupations, as well as his independence, stood in his way. He has represented the Whitby Division for twenty years, and is now nearly fifty. His wife, an American lady, died in 1891. He is a banker in Leeds and a proprietor of the *Yorkshire Post*, and is well known also as a collector of works of art, an amateur who was amongst the first to recognise the genius of Rodin and give him welcome to this country.

Saved from America.

The Municipal Council of Rheims—where the Jackdaw comes from—is to be congratulated most heartily, in that it has shown that respect for ancient buildings that is apparently getting as rare as the Roc's egg nowadays. Thanks to its far-sightedness, there has been spared to the town the house in the Rue Tambour which exhibits the only thirteenth-century architecture remaining in the old city. It appears that the owner of this "Musician's House" was recently approached by a wealthy American with a cheque for four thousand pounds and a desire to pull down the building in order that its more important parts might be transported to the United States to form part of a new structure. Public interest in the matter was strong enough to raise forty thousand francs when it was known that the first chance to buy had been offered to the City; the State has granted a subvention of thirty thousand francs, and Rheims has voted the balance.



THE CINDERELLA OF RUSSIAN PRINCESSES: THE GRAND DUCHESS MARIE, DAUGHTER OF THE GRAND DUKE PAUL.

The Grand Duchess Marie is the only daughter of the late Grand Duke Sergius's brother Paul, who was banished after his marriage (the second) with a divorced lady. The little Grand Duchess was the ward of the assassinated Grand Duke, is fifteen years old, and is generally called the Cinderella of Russian Princesses.

Photograph by Raffi.



A GIRL WHOSE BEAUTY CAUSED A SENSATION IN MADRID: SEÑORITA CARMEN LUQUÉ.

A few days ago a momentary sensation was caused in Madrid by the gathering of a large crowd outside a shop in the Carrera de San Jerónimo. Inquiries elicited the fact that the excitement was in honour of the beauty of a girl of the people, who eventually came out of the shop, and, in company with a gentleman, entered a carriage which had arrived just before and drove away.

Photograph by Alviach.

The New Governor of Moscow.

General Alexander Alexandrovitch Kosloff might reasonably have met a better fate than that which has made him Governor of Moscow; but it is at least certain that he is not likely to find his duties beyond his powers. Born rather over eight-and-sixty years ago, he has spent the whole of his career, since he can be said to have had any career at all, as an administrator, and he has received, as reward, many of the highest orders in the gift of the Little Father.



A SERBIAN PRINCE WHO IS COMMANDING RUSSIAN TROOPS IN MANCHURIA.

Prince Arsène, one of the several more or less unimportant Princelets who have thrown in their lot with Russia, recently arrived in Manchuria to take up the command of a detachment of General Linievitch's troops. It is said that he will not be a great addition to the Czar's fighting forces in the Far East, for he is thought to be of the pleasure-loving rather than of the hard-working aristocracy.

punishment, by the way, than was meted out to the book-writing Lieutenant) as a reward for his ingenuity in inventing a new disciplinary measure. This was known as "reform by the nose," and was carried out by the officer seizing the noses of his men and twisting them. The cries of the victims were smothered—by order—by their comrades, who had to sing patriotic songs while the "reform" was put into force. Ironically enough, this gained the company the nickname of "The Jolly Squad." In an equally jolly squad it is to be hoped the officer will one day find himself.

After Three-and-Forty Years.

Can it be that that most excellent publication, the *Scientific American*, is envious of the *Lancet*, and, being envious, desirous of creating a little scare among the public? A fire recently took place, we are told, in the woods opposite Harper's Ferry, the scene of the engagement between General Miles and Stonewall Jackson which led to the surrender of the former in 1862, and after a time the burning was accompanied by a number of loud explosions. These, it is suggested, were caused by the bursting of live shells, fired three-and-forty years ago and embedded in the soil. Land in the neighbourhood of American battlefields should now be going cheap.

The Lord Mayor of Liverpool—

For some years past the Right Hon. John Lea, Lord Mayor of Liverpool, has visited London each spring to purchase pictures for the Corporation Gallery of Liverpool. He has not been content to select the best work he could find, he has made a point of feasting the artists in most hospitable fashion. This year, in honour of his elevation to the highest post in Liverpool, the London artists thought it would

be a good idea to entertain their kind host, so they arranged a dinner in his honour. When details were being settled, the lady artists of London approached their brethren of the brush, and pointed out that gratitude is as common to the woman painter as to the masculine variety. "We, too, have been entertained," they said; "our pictures have received Mr. Lea's sympathetic consideration. Let us join in." But the male artists hardened their hearts and would not let the ladies go to the banquet. Thereupon, the weaker sex took counsel among themselves, and decided that, since they could not go to the feast given by the men, my Lord Mayor should come to the feast given by them.

—And the Lady Artists of London.

So Mrs. Murray Cookesley played the part of Esther to the Ahasuerus of Mr. John Lea, and asked the Lord Mayor, if it seemed good unto him, to come to the banquet that the lady artists of London had prepared. And the Lord Mayor came, and the ladies welcomed him, and the wicked Haman was, presumably, represented by one of the R.A.'s most popular Academicians, who made a very amusing speech. Among others of Haman's sex who spoke were Sir W. B. Forwood, "Ian Maclaren," Sir Edward Russell, and Sir Caspar Purdon Clarke, while among the lady speakers were Mrs. Murray Cookesley and Mrs. Jopling Rowe. Regret was expressed at the absence, through a domestic bereavement, of Mrs. Arthur Raphael, who was one of the leaders of the movement. The dinner certainly deserves to be remembered, not only because it was a remarkably good one, but because it said, as plainly as a dinner can, that women realise the significance of their latter-day emancipation. By reason of perverseness, the artist men are now in sackcloth and ashes, or they should be, and the Lord Mayor of Liverpool has had two entertainments instead of one. Now it remains for a lady artist to paint a big picture, entitled "Lady Artists' Dinner to the Right Hon. John Lea," and send it to next year's Academy.



THRICE TRIED FOR MURDER: MISS NAN PATTERSON.

The third, the most sensational, and probably the last, trial of the young American actress, Miss Nan Patterson, on a charge of having shot and killed Mr. Cesar Young, an English bookmaker, in a cab, resulted, as did the previous two, in disagreement among the jurymen and their discharge. The hearing of the case was marked by a number of grim incidents, including the exhibition of a skeleton destined to prove that the dead man could not have committed suicide. David Belasco, Richard Le Gallienne, and Clara Morris are but three of the well-known authors who have chronicled their impressions of the trial for the *American Journals*.



THE CANADIAN-INDIAN VILLAGE AT EARL'S COURT: THE SNAKE-DANCE.

Amongst the numerous attractions of the Naval, Shipping, and Fisheries Exhibition at Earl's Court, which was opened on Saturday last, is the great Canadian-Indian village, with its chiefs and braves, its artisans, its squaws, and its papooses. War, Medicine, and other dances, and native sports are given at intervals. Our photograph of the Snake-Dance shows Tetebuhbungund drumming, and Akwirranoron leading the dance.

The Isle of Lacroma.

The beautiful little island of Lacroma, which is situated just opposite Ragusa, has been occupied for the last twenty years by a colony of Dominican monks, ever since the death of the Crown Prince Rudolph of Austria. But now the Archduchess Elizabeth, daughter of the unfortunate Prince, and wife of Prince Windischgrätz, has bought the island, and will for the future spend the summer there.

The place is full of mournful memories for the Imperial Family of Austria, for it was the favourite home of the unhappy Emperor Maximilian of Mexico, and after him it came to his nephew, the late Crown Prince. It is to be hoped, for the sake of the Grand Duchess Elizabeth, that the twenty years' residence of the monks has broken the ill-luck which has hitherto dogged its possessors.



MME. TA JEN CHANG, WIFE OF THE RETIRING CHINESE MINISTER IN GREAT BRITAIN.

Photograph by Langflier.

first regularly accredited Chinese Minister to the Court of St. James's—that is, Kwo Sung Tao—he was ordered home in order to teach the present Emperor the English language. His Excellency was again in England at the time of the Diamond Jubilee, and from the brilliant London of 1900 he arrived in his own country just as the Boxer movement was gaining head, and it was only by the narrowest chance that he escaped the dreadful fate which befell the Japanese Secretary and the German Minister. He has now been master of Richmond House, Portland Place, for some three years, and it is to be hoped that his successor will prove as agreeable a diplomatist as he has done.

A "Twenty-one Gun" Indian Potentate.

His Highness the Maharajah of Baroda, now on a visit to this country, is one of the three Indian Princes who succeed by birthright to the distinction of a Royal Salute, and of the three he is by far the most interesting. Though a "twenty-one gunner," and regarded, when at home in India, with almost idolatrous reverence, His Highness delights in visiting this country as often as may be. He came in 1894 and again in 1900, being accompanied on the last occasion by the Maharanee, who recently joined him from Paris. Their sons are educated in this country, and will be, to all intents and purposes, products of our Public School and University training. The Gaekwar himself speaks English like an Englishman; he has charming manners, and is a first-rate shot.

Kaid Maclean. If it be true report that Sir Harry Maclean, until recently commander of the Moroccan Army, has retired from the service of the Sultan, the land so favoured by the presence of Raisuli will have lost one of the most picturesque of its many picturesque figures. The Kaid's career

His Chinese Excellency.

Every member of the Diplomatic Corps in London will much regret the retirement of the urbane and courteous Chinese Minister, for his Excellency Ta Jen Chang and his accomplished wife have made themselves very popular with their colleagues. The Minister has had a long and distinguished career, his first experience having been that of forming part of the famous Burlingame Mission, which had the object of introducing Chinese diplomacy to every country in Europe. He may be said to owe all his success in life to his remarkable gift of tongues; he speaks English literally like an Englishman,

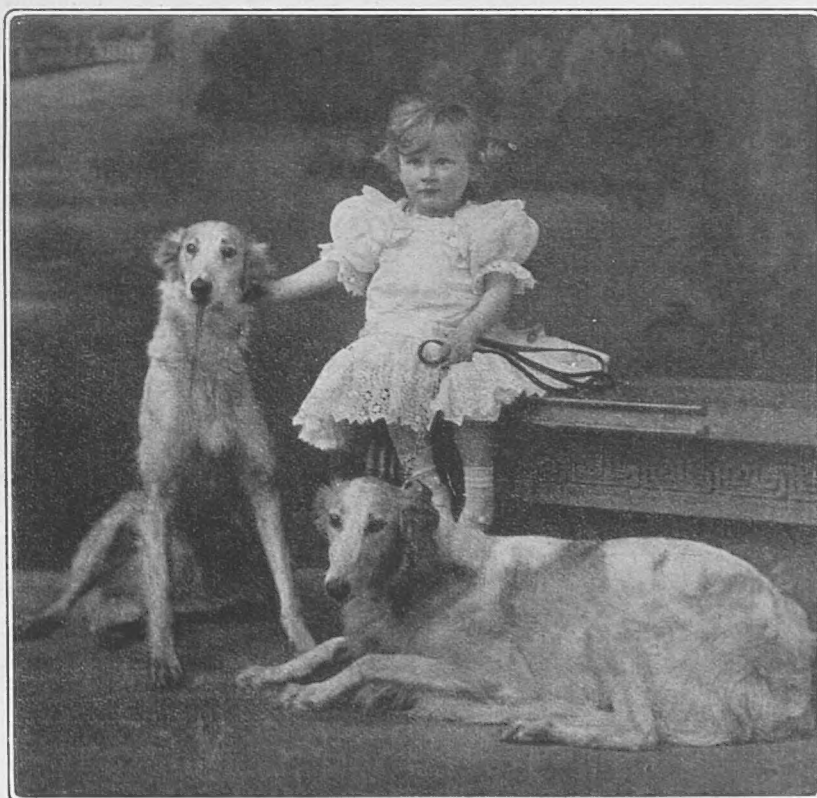
and, after having been included in the suite of the



A "TWENTY-ONE GUN" INDIAN POTENTATE IN LONDON: H.H. THE MAHARAJAH OF BARODA, G.C.S.I., WHO IS VISITING THIS COUNTRY.

Baroda is one of the Indian Native States of first magnitude, and, therefore, has a superior Resident. The present Gaekwar, who is one of the three chiefs entitled to a salute of 21 guns, succeeded on the 22nd of May, 1875. He governs, under the supreme Government, an area of 8,099 square miles, and a population of two millions.

Photograph by Langflier.



MASTER GEORGE DOUGLASS FIELD-MOSER AND HIS PET RUSSIAN WOLFHOUNDS, "GRAND DUKE MICHAEL" AND "LADY VERA."

Master Moser is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur George Field-Moser, of New York and London. Our photograph was taken on his second birthday the other day.

Photograph by Ellis and Watery.

is one of the romances of modern history. Five-and-twenty years ago, or rather less, a young subaltern in the Warwickshire Regiment sought and obtained leave from the British Government to enter the service of "the King of the Age, the Prince of Believers, my lord El Hasan," as military adviser and instructor of the Moroccan Army in European methods. That young subaltern was Harry Maclean, and in him the Sultan secured one of the most zealous of his adherents, one who, while remaining a Scot, became a Moor, accompanying the Court on all its wanderings and ranking exceeding high in his master's estimation. Nor

did the death of the old Sultan — he was with him on

that grim, last passage of the Atlas Mountains, during the latter part of which many a sheik and khalifa made obeisance to the barbaric litter, believing that it contained the living, not the dead—lessen his power. Mulai Abd-el-Aziz found him as trustworthy as did his father, placed himself, indeed, almost entirely in his hands, and it is to Sir Harry's lasting credit that never for a moment did he betray his confidence. Services to the British Government won him his "K.C.M.G." four years ago.

HIS EXCELLENCY TA JEN CHANG, CHINESE MINISTER IN GREAT BRITAIN, WHO HAS RETIRED

Photograph by Langflier.

British and Colonial Opera Singers.

It must be a source of satisfaction to people interested in this country's musical development to reflect that there are several distinguished British subjects singing in opera at Covent Garden this season. Madame Melba, of course, heads the list, and will make her first appearance this year on or about the 17th in "Traviata." A Melba night at the opera is reckoned greater than all others; in fact, the great Australian prima donna is accorded the sort of reception that was given to Adelina Patti in her prime. Madame Kirkby Lunn, who is English by birth and was brought up and trained in England, is now our leading contralto at the Opera. She made her name in the provinces with the Carl Rosa Company, but since those days the quality of her voice and the intelligence of her singing have increased to an extent that has astonished even her early admirers. Madame Kirkby Lunn has just returned from America, where her rendering of the Kundry music in "Parsifal" has been hailed with enthusiasm. Madame Suzanne Adams is yet another British subject whom opera-goers delight to honour, and she ranks among the leading operatic sopranis. Of Miss Edna Thornton, who made her first appearance in grand opera the other day, it is too early to say more than that she has justified the choice of the Direction.

A Well-Known Lady Miniaturist.

Mrs. Corbould-Ellis, of whose work some examples are given on this page, comes of a well-known family of painters, and is herself one of the oldest members of the Royal Society of Miniature Painters. Her artistic instincts are, to a certain extent, hereditary, for her great-great-grandfather, Richard Corbould, was a well-known miniature-painter in the reign of George III., and her grandfather, the late Edward Henry Corbould, R.I. (who died this year), taught many members of the Royal Family, including the late Empress Frederick, painting, and was himself, in his day, a distinguished water-colour artist. Mrs. Corbould-Ellis has painted portraits for the late Queen Victoria and for the Royal Family generally, and has lately completed a Royal portrait destined to be the gift of a generous donor to the Art Gallery of the Corporation of London.



MRS. LEONARD WYBURD.



MRS. CLAUD WATNEY.

THE ART OF A LADY MEMBER OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF MINIATURE PAINTERS: EXAMPLES OF THE WORK OF MRS. CORBOULD-ELLIS.

Mrs. Claud Watney is well known as a motorist; Mrs. Wyburd is the wife of Mr. Leonard Wyburd, the artist; Mrs. William Greet is the wife of Mr. William Greet, brother of Mr. Ben Greet.

A Sultan's Diamonds. A curious sidelight on the insecure state of Morocco is given by the action of the Sultan Abd-el-Aziz, who has the best means of knowing exactly how matters stand in that country. A short time ago,

elephant, an elephant which he himself had shot during his visit to Ceylon!

Twentieth-Century Dandies. Will the Season see a revival of

the dandyism which reigned so triumphantly when Lord Beaconsfield was a young man? Certain it is that much more jewellery destined for the sterner sex is displayed in Bond Street and the Rue de la Paix than was the case a few years ago. Perhaps the new century will hail the return of Beau Brummel as one of its most notable achievements. It is significant that in the bag stolen from Lord Chesterfield the other day were jewels valued at a considerable number of pounds, and that they included ruby-and-diamond studs, silver waistcoat-buttons, jewelled sleeve-links, and many scarf-pins. Now the owner of Holme Lacy has long been what old-fashioned people still style a man of fashion, and it may be doubted if in the 'eighties the contents of his bag would have been such as to arouse the cupidity of the clever thieves who seem to have made off with it in the space of some two minutes.

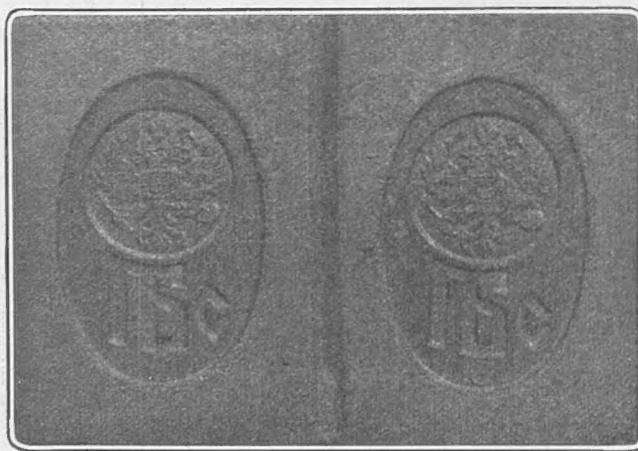


MRS. WILLIAM GREET.

"Le Roi Edouard" in Paris.

From the moment he arrived in Paris (writes our Correspondent), King Edward, with his never-failing tact, made it clear that he wished his incognito to be observed with the utmost strictness, and although, during the first few days of his stay, the pleasure that Parisians and British visitors to Lutetia took in his coming made this no easy matter, the last two days that he was there were passed by him as quietly, almost, as they might have been passed by any ordinary visitor.

At first there were crowds pretty constantly round the doorway of the Bristol, and the King could not appear at a window or stir out of doors without being uproariously cheered. On the Sunday his path to and from the Embassy church in the Rue d'Aguesseau was thronged; crowds lined his route wherever he went during the Monday; but on Tuesday and Wednesday he was allowed to go about his business and his pleasure comparatively unobserved, and, as he had omitted to inform the journalists of his intention to visit the Renaissance on Tuesday evening and the Salon on Wednesday afternoon, he was allowed to do so undisturbed by undue appreciation of his presence.



TEA FOR THE RUSSIAN OFFICERS IN THE FAR EAST:
THE CUP THAT CHEERS IN "SLAB" FORM.

Compressed tea, common to Siberia, is provided in generous quantities for the use of the Russian officers in Manchuria. The quality of this particular tea is excellent, and it is a mixture of a Suchong which needs little or no cream, since Nature has given it rather a creamy taste, and a leaf that is slightly saccharine, and, consequently, requires little sugar. The tea-slab is so hard that it is difficult to cut it with a knife, and, as a rule, a mallet or hammer is used to break it. A piece the size of a thimble will make a large, strong cup.

By courtesy of the "Scientific American."

A Formidable Free-Trader. Mr. St. Loë Strachey, the editor and proprietor of the *Spectator*, who is to stand for Edinburgh and St. Andrews Universities at the next General Election, has greatly distinguished himself on the Free Trade side in the fiscal controversy, and has also shown himself a splendid man of business. Somehow, his delicate, refined, sensitive face does not exactly suggest material successes, and yet the *Spectator* has never been more prosperous than it is now. Besides, Mr. Strachey has made a good thing of the *County Gentleman*, which is his property. He is the brother of Sir Edward Strachey, M.P. The Stracheyes are Somerset people, and have furnished some brilliant soldiers and administrators to our Indian Empire. Mr. Strachey lives in the lovely Guildford country, takes a keen interest in Rifle Clubs and sensible cottages for the peasantry, and is a member of both the Athenæum and the Automobile Clubs.

THE GIRL-BURGLAR IN "LEAH KLESCHNA."



MISS LENA ASHWELL, WHO HAS MADE A GREAT PERSONAL SUCCESS AS THE GIRL-THIEF IN "LEAH KLESCHNA,"
AT THE NEW THEATRE.

As readers of "The Sketch" are well aware, the part of Leah Kleschna was written for Miss Ashwell, although Mrs. Fiske played it in the first instance. Mr. McLellan, the author—and, by the way, the author of "The Belle of New York"—is, indeed, said to have been inspired by Miss Ashwell's performance of the Maslova in "Resurrection," a statement which seems more than justified. When Miss Ashwell makes her reappearance as a manageress it will probably be in "Birds of Passage."

Photograph by Johnston and Hoffmann.

MY MORNING PAPER.

By THE MAN IN THE TRAIN.

I AM forced to believe either that the Military Correspondent of the *Times* is trying to emulate the example of the fat boy in "Pickwick" by making our flesh creep, or that our national defences are in a bad way. If the Correspondent is right, there are three sorts of war, past, present, and future, and we seem likely to play second fiddle even in a revival of the first species. In spite of the energy of successive War Ministers, perhaps on account of it, the British Army is not fitted to fulfil the possible obligations that the advancing years may bring, and the menace of Russia in Central Asia is not decreased by the trend of events in Manchuria. Of course, we are not to blame for this, even though the learned Correspondent scolds us angrily. The sea is to blame. It has separated us from Europe and left us to rely upon our Fleet for safety. Just now, as though to remind us that self-reliance is the only genuine article, well-informed Admirals are writing to the papers to assure us that the guns on our best battleships are no better than they should be—in fact, are not so good. The only consolation left to the over-taxed citizen is that inefficiency is not peculiar to Great Britain. Even our rivals are not perfect in their generation.

things, and deserve a measure of sympathy that I pay very gladly. Very few people enjoy their beauty now, for Newfoundland is not over-populated, but wild life thrives there, and the face of the earth is fairer by reason of the forests. Alas, fauna and flora are doomed. The woodman's axe shall be heard in the depths of the wood; the trees shall be stricken out of life and made into pulp and paper that an idle generation may read somebody's tips and the latest from course, paddock, cricket and football field, together with the starting-prices. I am beginning to think that the Vandals were a much-maligned people. They didn't really know how to hustle. And I'm not surprised to read about the earthquakes that have taken place in Europe lately. Nature must be getting tired of us.

Modern Unbelief. One of the most disheartening signs of the times revealed to me by my morning paper is the ever-spreading growth of unbelief. I have commented on this page upon our unbelief in our Army and Navy, and it is a political axiom that no responsible Minister is much better than a fool. Nowadays I am hard put to find anything we do believe in. We reject the Bible and the Higher Criticism, wire guns, German policy,

COMMANDER SIDNEY R. OLIVER,
who was in command of the "Syren."



A BRITISH DESTROYER PAYS THE PENALTY OF NIGHT-MANŒUVRING: THE "SYREN," WHICH BROKE HER BACK ON BERE ISLAND.

During night exercises of torpedo craft inside Berehaven on the second of the month, the destroyer "Syren," while endeavouring to enter harbour, ran on the east end of Bere Island. Her crew escaped uninjured, but she was broken in two. At the time of the accident, the vessel, which was under the command of Commander Sidney R. Oliver, formed one of a torpedo flotilla of thirty-four destroyers, under Rear-Admiral Winsloe, engaged in attacking the cruiser "Sapphire," flag-ship of the flotilla. The "Syren" was a twin-screw torpedo-boat-destroyer of 390 tons, was built at Yarrow in 1901, and carried a crew of about sixty.

Photographs by Russell, and Symonds.

The German Alberich.

Germany's polite attentions to Holland remind me of Black Alberich's advances to the Rhine Maidens. In "Das Rheingold," the Nibelung makes ardent love to each of the three maidens in turn, and his advances are everywhere rejected. The rulers of Germany have been offering their favours, alternated with threats, in all directions, and Holland seems to be the last Rhine Maiden left. From time to time Germany discovers that the interests of some Power are identical with her own, and advances follow. Unfortunately for her, the Power so singled out for favour has no difficulty in discovering that the polite offers are not altogether unselfish. In Holland, for example, there is a very genuine fear of German intentions; it is thought that when the German lion and the Dutch lamb lie down together, the lamb will be lying inside. In "Das Rheingold," Black Alberich forswears love, and seizes the treasure that the maidens guard. Let us hope that the sequel will not be similar in this case, for the treasure that is guarded by the Powers entreated or threatened by Germany is the peace of Europe.

Trees and Paper.

Modern newspaper development travels far. I read that the Newfoundland House of Assembly has approved a contract granting a tract of two thousand square miles of timber-land to a London firm of newspaper proprietors for the purposes of wood-pulp and paper making. Amazing. We all know what may happen to "Imperial Cæsar, dead and turned to clay"; but, after all, when Imperial Cæsar has departed this life, nothing matters much. Trees, on the other hand, are living

the Irish Party, the possibility of extracting gold from sea-water, the Spanish treasure, the Pope, the humane intention of motorists as a class, Russian Government securities, alien immigrants, the promise of May, Messrs. Torrey and Alexander, the Royal Academy, Free Trade, Protection, vaccination, and more besides than I have space to set down. What do we believe in, on the other hand? Our own worth, John Philip Sousa, the Rev. R. J. Campbell, and Marie Corelli—I think I have exhausted the list.

"Les Pacifistes" at Lille.

Although we hear very little about its procedure, there appears to be a Peace Conference at Lille, and it seems to be an affair of some importance in its way. To hold a Peace Conference at a moment like the present is passing strange, and I am left wondering what the Commissioners hope to achieve. I imagine they will leave the Russo-Japanese War alone: Lille is hardly big enough to hold it. Perhaps they will be content to urge the Little Father of the first Conference to abate his zeal in waging war against his own subjects. Recent Russian victories in St. Petersburg and Moscow, gained by gallant Cossacks over the human rubbish that merely works, thinks, and strives for better things, may have left the Czar in magnanimous mood. Perhaps, too, the "Pacifistes" will induce Turkey's omnipotent ruler to have a spring-cleaning in the Balkans, or will persuade the gentlemen who are carrying on a civil war in Austro-Hungary to cease from their labours. I have no hope that the Lille deputies will achieve very much, but it is certain that they need not look beyond Europe to find plenty of scope for their benevolent intentions.

THE GREAT MINORITY: BRITISH SINGERS AT COVENT GARDEN.



MME. MELBA.
MME. KIRKBY LUNN.

MME. SUZANNE ADAMS.

MISS EDNA THORNTON.
MME. MELBA.

(SEE "SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.")
Photographs by Ellis and Walery.

THE STAGE FROM THE STALLS.

By E. F. S. ("Monocle.")

"BECKET," "JOHN CHILCOTE, M.P.," "LEAH KLESCHNA," "THE DICTATOR,"
AND "THE LITTLE MICHS."

IT is impossible in one article to deal with the prodigious group of absolute novelties or revivals to which the critics were invited during the last few days. Concerning some, such as "Becket," there is no need to say very much. The play has been thoroughly discussed already, and the revival at Drury Lane, which by its scene of enthusiastic greeting proved the unparalleled popularity of Sir Henry Irving, changed no opinions as to the value of the effective Tennyson-Irving drama. The actor, though at moments seeming to show by an air of lassitude the effects of his recent illness, gave in the character of the Archbishop one of his most admirable performances, which no student of his art can afford to miss. Competent, but not remarkable, seems a fair description of his Company.

"John Chilcote, M.P.," hardly delighted the first-nighters who pretend to be critical, but appears likely to run well, since it is a fairly effective adaptation of a very popular book. One expects work of a more ambitious order at the St. James's under the management of Mr. George Alexander, and it is to be hoped that the success of the new piece will be great enough to inspire him with the courage to return to his earlier policy. Success, if it comes, will be due mainly to his very able performance in the "double" part, the contrivance concerning which is less sensational than was expected. The valuable aid of Miss Marion Terry in the somewhat puzzling character of the globe-gazing lady whose open familiarity with John Chilcote is startling must not be overlooked; in the best scene of the play, where she unmasks the impostor, John Loder, her acting and Mr. Alexander's deeply moved the house. Miss Miriam Clements, a trifle too statuesque perhaps, gave an excellent and charming performance as the wife who was deceived as to the identity of the man posing in the capacity of her husband: drama based on the successful deception of a wife in such a fashion is strained a little too far for serious consideration.

Of the two new American pieces, "Leah Kleschna" (at the New Theatre) and "The Dictator" (at the Comedy), I prefer the farce, for the melodrama has a conclusion almost as weak as that of a Manx cat, and an amount of pretentious psychology that is a trifle irritating. Still, Mr. McLellan, in his burglar melodrama, has contrived some vivid moments and powerful scenes, and it is regrettable that he has taken himself and his subject a little too seriously. Leah, the heroine, certainly is a picturesque if rather unconvincing person, and when the philanthropic French deputy catches her a-burgling the jewels intended as a wedding-gift for his fiancée a really dramatic situation is created, a little weakened by needless repetition, as also is the fourth Act, where we see her determination, at the risk of her life, to break away from the gang and live honestly. At any rate, the girl presents a fine acting-part, which Miss Lena Ashwell handles magnificently, since it suits her peculiar, interesting style perfectly. Even M. Sardou has not been cleverer in fitting a part for an actress than Mr. McLellan in this case. Some say that the histrionic triumph of the play is that of the veteran Charles Warner, who represents Leah's father, the unredeemable burglar. I cannot help thinking that his work would be finer if he were a little quicker and indulged less in his favourite trick of whispering: certainly he whispered with a wonderful skill, so that murmurs of "Speak up!" did not rise, but he employed the

device so frequently as to make the normal voice the exception, not the rule. Possibly in this lies an over-subtle effort to indicate the nature of the burglar's vocation. On the other hand, Mr. Warner's acting is rich in quiet dramatic power, and there is a notable sense of particular character in it. Whilst recognising Mr. Leonard Boyne's skill in presenting Paul Sylvaire, the deputy who converts and marries the female burglar, one felt that his personality was rather unsuitable. Mr. Herbert Waring gave a vivid little picture of Raoul Berton, the entirely contemptible minor villain of the play. The young actress Miss Betty Callish showed cleverness as an inconceivable French grisette, but must be warned against playing too obviously for points.

"The Dictator," by Mr. Harding Davis, is quite one of the best of recent farces—he calls it a comedy, which shows that American dramatists misuse the term as ill as ours. The fun rarely flags, and is entirely clean and agreeable; indeed, there is not a culpable line, whilst numbers of the phrases are swift in humour and irresistibly amusing. It is just the sort of

American work one wants to see, because it seems a real product of the soil and people, exhibiting the alertness, the picturesqueness of phrase, the audacity, and the strenuousness of our cousins. The acting has the same qualities as the play, and the Company shows in a high degree the virtue of combination, the lack of which so often distinguishes our performances. The story of Travers, the flyaway from justice on account of a crime he did not commit, who bosses a Central American Republic, buys up the army, and, by excess of impudence, wrecks his scheme and is in deadly peril when he is cleverly extricated by Mr. Harding Davis's ingenious employment

of a Marconigram, hangs well together, though it will not stand probing. Mr. William Collier, Miss Louise Allen, and their supporters, notably Messrs. E. S. Abeles, John Barrymore, T. McGrath, H. J. West, and Brigham Royce, promptly won the favour of the audience, and we shall hope for another visit after their month at the Comedy is over. The piece that precedes it, "The Philosopher in the Apple Orchard," neatly written by Mr. Harcourt Williams and founded on a play by Mr. Anthony Hope, was very amusing: Miss Lillias Waldegrave and Mr. Norman McKinnel played it excellently.

The break in the policy at Daly's, marked by the production of "The Little Michus," is emphasised by the announcement that Mr. George Edwardes and Mr. Huntley Wright have parted company. Comparison between the new work and "Véronique" has been drawn somewhat unfavourably and also unfairly to the former, which has hardly got into its stride. It may be noted that "Véronique," though now, fortunately, such a great favourite, did not take the town by storm. In reality, the book, neatly adapted by Mr. Henry Hamilton, if a little long, is lively, and has a touch of prettiness, and M. Messenger's music is graceful, melodious, and even fascinating throughout. Moreover, the Company engaged seems sure to win success for an agreeable piece. Mr. Edouin, as usual, makes a "hit," and Mr. Huntley Wright showed up well. The name-parts are charmingly represented by Miss Adrienne Augarde and Miss Mabel Green. Mr. Robert Evett sings admirably, and valuable aid is lent by Miss Vera Beringer—a recruit to comic opera—Mr. Louis Bradfield, and Miss Amy Augarde.



Johanna Bright
(Miss Pattie Bell).

William Bright
(Mr. Louis Goodrich).

Jasper Bright
(Mr. Henri de Vries).

Maud Meadows
(Miss Dorothy Drake).

Elsie Raynor
(Miss Dora Barton).

"JASPER BRIGHT; BY SPECIAL APPOINTMENT," AT THE AVENUE.

Photograph by Lambert Weston, New Bond Street, W.

"MARTYRED" BY PHOTOGRAPHY:

A CINEMATOGRAPH "CHRISTIAN" SACRIFICED TO REAL LIONS



1. THE GLADIATORS MARCH IN PROCESSION PAST NERO—WHILE THE CINEMATOGRAPH RECORDS THE ACTION.
2. THE DOOMED "CHRISTIAN" IS BROUGHT IN AND BOUND TO THE STAKE CONVENIENTLY PLACED BEFORE THE EMPEROR.
3. THE CINEMATOGRAPH OPERATOR THEN CALLS A HALT, WHILE A DUMMY IS SUBSTITUTED FOR THE LIVING "CHRISTIAN."

4. THEN ENTER FOUR LIONS, ESCORTED BY JULIANO, THE LION-TAMER, ATTIRED AS A GLADIATOR, AND THE DUMMY "MARTYR" IS PROMPTLY TORN TO PIECES.
5. LARGE PIECES OF MEAT, FASTENED TO THE DUMMY, MAKE THIS PART OF THE ENTERTAINMENT PARTICULARLY REALISTIC, THE LIONS ATTACKING WITH VORACITY—
6. —AND DEVOURING THEIR PREY EAGERLY, TO THE EDIFICATION OF THE FIDDLING EMPEROR AND HIS FAVOURITES.

It will be remembered that quite recently we gave a number of photographs showing the method by which the assassination of the Grand Duke Sergius of Russia was revived in Paris for the benefit of the cinematograph-makers. Much the same system has now been applied to the martyrdom of a Christian thrown to the lions, and the result, as shown above, will be exhibited in the form of moving pictures in various parts of the world.

THE GAYEST QUARTER OF THE CITY OF GAIETY.



THE HEART OF PARISIAN BOHEMIANISM: MONTMARTRE, FROM A HOUSE IN THE RUE GABRIELLE,
SHOWING THE CHURCH OF THE SACRÉ-CŒUR.

Montmartre, "that strange Bohemian mountain with its eccentric, fantastic, and morbid attractions," is to the average visitor "x"; to the visitor whose good fortune it is to see the Quarter under the guidance of one who knows it and its ways it is as full of surprises as it is of fascination. In it there was the famous Moulin Rouge; in it there are the almost equally famous dancing-hall, Le Moulin de la Galette, "Heaven" and "Hell," the Café du Néant, that elaborate but somewhat tawdry dip into the uncanny, and the Cabaret des Quat'z'Arts, known for the excellence and the art of its entertainment, which includes at the moment a wonderful series of Chinese Shadows, to say nothing of many other outward and visible signs of the extravagant in Parisian Bohemianism. "If there is a thing to be mocked, a convention to be outraged, an idol to be destroyed," say Messrs. Morrow and Cucuel in "Bohemian Paris of To-Day," "Montmartre will find the way. But it has a taint of sordidness that the real Bohemianism of the old Latin Quarter lacks,—for it is not the Bohemianism of the students. And it is vulgar. For all that, in its rude, reckless, and brazen way it is singularly picturesque." All of which is true.

Photograph by Jules Seiberger, Paris.

THE HEAVEN AND HELL OF BOHEMIAN PARIS.



HEAVEN: THE FAITHFUL LISTEN TO A SERMON.

Amongst the numerous more or less ingenious shows to be seen in the Montmartre quarter of Paris, "Heaven," long famous in Bohemian Lutetia, plays a prominent part. The visitor is received by St. Peter, and by corpulent members of the angelic host, wearing wings that would certainly not carry them far and chaplets of roses. Footing is paid by one-franc bocks, or by weak lemonade for which the charge is 1'50. Heavenly food of the lightest description, accompanied by vessels of gilded cardboard, decorates the table in the entrance-hall, but the only sustenance to be obtained is provided by the bock or the lemonade aforesaid. The entertainment proper resolves itself into a series of poses plastiques.



HELL: A VISITOR ARRIVES.

"Hell" is, appropriately enough, even less edifying than "Heaven." St. Peter is replaced by his Satanic Majesty, the receiving angels by stagey demons attired in the conventional dress of Mephisto; and the Inferno as a whole is a decidedly inferior, if duly ruddy, Hell. As in the case of "Heaven," entrance is gained by the purchase of a bock for the sum of one franc. Poses plastiques again figure, and added to these is an optical illusion, one of the visitors being apparently devoured by flames. The curiosity-seeker's exit is marked by the gift of a little devil in red, intended, no doubt, to balance the piece of heavenly money provided in Le Cabaret du Ciel.

Photographs by Bianger.

"WHAT BOOTS IT AT ONE GATE TO MAKE DEFENCE,
AND AT ANOTHER TO LET OUT THE TOE?"—"SAMSON AGONISTES" (adapted).



"GUARANTEED, NINE SHILLINGS A PAIR"

DRAWN BY RENÉ BULL.

Art and the Man.—By Frank Reynolds.



THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

"A JOURNALIST is, perhaps, the most uncommunicative of men, and there is no more discreet or more trustworthy confidant of a secret." This is the opinion of Mr. Michael Macdonagh, himself an able and experienced journalist; and though it may seem paradoxical to the outsider, it is, nevertheless, profoundly true. There is no journalist worthy of his salt who does not know a great deal more than he puts into print, and it is one of the chief trials of his life that he can do so little justice to his information. If one could only put into a column of paragraphs the burden of confidences which one carries; but this cannot be done, for the most obvious reasons. Betray confidence once, and you immediately cut off a source of information, perhaps many sources. There are journalists who are profoundly skilled in the art of half-revealing what they know. Anyone acquainted with their style can fill in the missing words. In the same way, there are men who know how to escape the law of libel by the thousandth part of an inch. But such adventures are dangerous, and must not be too often attempted.

Mr. Macdonagh thinks that most things may be discovered; and I agree with him. At the same time, some secrets are extraordinarily well kept. The precautions taken at printers' offices are generally sufficient. Copies of important measures are distributed among compositors in minute portions, each compositor getting, perhaps, three lines to set. The duty of arranging the whole in consecutive order is committed to a trustworthy man. I have never known an instance where a confidential overseer betrayed his trust. Still, there are always dangers. In his interesting article in the *Monthly Review*, Mr. Macdonagh has collected some very entertaining stories. He does not mention the manner in which the first draft of Mr. Gladstone's Home Rule Bill became public. Its provisions were communicated by a Cabinet Minister high in Mr. Gladstone's confidence to the editor of a hostile newspaper—an instance of treachery perhaps without a parallel. The case of Charles Marvin, who published the Anglo-Russian agreement in the *Globe*, is still remembered. Marvin was only a supernumerary copyist in the Foreign Office, employed at thirty shillings a week in the Treaty department. Owing to the absence of the second assistant clerk of the department, Marvin, who was in the room, engaged on unimportant papers, was directed to assist in the copying. Moreover, when the copying was finished, the senior clerk got him to read the printed draft aloud, in order that he might check the copy of the document which he had prepared. Marvin was thus able to carry in his mind the substance of the agreement, and after it was signed he went direct to the *Globe* office and sold them the secret. Later he obtained, in some unexplained way, the full text of the agreement. No instance of betrayal on the part of the permanent clerks of the Foreign Office has ever been known.

Accident is responsible for certain disclosures. In 1888 there were serious agrarian disturbances in the district of which the town of

Youghal is the centre. One day, the late Captain Plunket, Divisional Magistrate, sent a telegram from Dublin to the local Magistrate at Youghal, saying, in cipher, "If necessary, do not hesitate to shoot." This wire appeared next day in the *Freeman's Journal*, and there was an immense sensation. How did the *Freeman's Journal* get possession of it? In a simple way. Captain Plunket sent the telegram from Dublin. He wrote a copy in the telegraph-office, and found it not sufficiently legible. He made a second, leaving the other, behind him, on the desk. This fell into the hands of the newspaper, which had no difficulty in deciphering the cryptograph.

The Hon. Frederick Leveson-Gower has been induced to write his *Reminiscences*, and Mr. Murray will publish them, under the title, "Bygone Years." Mr. Leveson-Gower's opportunities of intercourse with many of the most notable personages of his time have been quite exceptional, and his chronicle is anticipated with real interest.

The letters of J. H. Shorthouse, recently published by Messrs. Macmillan, contain some pointed criticisms on Sir Walter Besant's views of publishing. Shorthouse did not accept Besant's statement that there were fifty novelists making £2,000 a year. He refers to the case of a Scotch lady who published fifty-eight novels and never made in thirty-one years more than £162 a year, while the average on her novels was £100 each. Shorthouse also doubted Besant's statement that he stood on the railway platforms as the expresses left and saw the public thronging the bookstalls by scores to buy six-shilling novels which they could buy for four-and-sixpence anywhere else. It is certain, however, that a good many six-shilling novels are sold at the bookstalls, especially those with attractive titles and bindings.

Shorthouse was on the very best and friendliest terms with his publishers, Messrs. Macmillan, but he had one project in which they did not see their way to co-operate with him. Wordsworth, to

Shorthouse's mind, was the greatest poet of the world, and he ardently desired to see his influence widened. It became very clear to him that the true way to popularise "The Excursion" would be to publish an edition of "The Excursion" with a very large proportion of the other poems interleaved, as it were, with the poem. This could be done in three moderate-sized octavo volumes, and, if the plan were successfully carried out, no other edition of Wordsworth would ever be read in the future. Mr. Shorthouse wished to be remunerated; but the publishers expressed the opinion that the proposed work would not pay. Nothing came of it; but such a book would have been of considerable interest, especially if executed by a man like Shorthouse, though probably none but Wordsworth enthusiasts would have studied it. Of Mr. Edmund Gosse's "Secret of Narcisse," Mr. Shorthouse had, very properly, a high opinion. He was almost inclined to wish that Mr. Gosse should be shut up in prison for a couple of years with pen and ink. "I believe a great romance would come out of jail with you." o. o.



GREAT THOUGHTS — AND THEIR THINKERS. I.

DRAWN BY G. L. STAMPA.

"THE MAN ON THE CAR."



THE VILLAGER: Mind the sheep, Mister!

THE DRIVER (*who is not used to side-slips*): Mind the confounded things yourself.
I've got enough to do to mind the beastly car!

DRAWN BY CHARLES CROMBIE.

"TOUJOURS LA POLITESSE!"



SHE : I can't bear actors ; they're so conceited !

HE : But I'm an actor, and you don't think I'm conceited, do you ?

SHE (*seeking to recover herself*) : Oh, of course not ! I mean the big ones ;
the little ones don't count.

DRAWN BY JOHN HASSALL.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

BORROWED PLUMES.

By LESLIE THOMAS.



tion in the small hand-glass which he held before his face; and although his sole remaining hirsute adornment clustered more particularly to the back and sides of his head, he smoothed down an imaginary parting carefully, giving a grunt or two expressive of satisfaction as he did so.

The platform without was, apparently, deserted, and, having halted for a brief interval at a little-frequented station, the train was now slowly gathering speed; hence Mr. Logram's disregard of conventionalities in the matter of attention to his toilet.

Suddenly, however, the sound of rapid steps and the panting of a runner caught his ear through the open window. Evidently a belated passenger was making one final sprint in the effort to board the moving train. Warning shouts came from a zealous official anxious for the safety of the new arrival; then an adjacent carriage-door slammed violently.

"Idiot!" muttered Mr. Logram, testily. "Deserved to be killed! Why couldn't he have allowed himself more time?"

He picked up a wig of thick, black hair from a box on the seat beside him. "Might as well try this on, too," he said to himself, ruminatively, setting it upon his head.

He adjusted its position with the nicest precision, so that the neat parting rested exactly in the centre. "All this makes one feel quite a child again," he thought, smiling. "Much better than having a chap from Clarkson's down, by Jove! Good thing that fellow—whoever he was—didn't get in here just now, though. He'd have disturbed me at a most inopportune moment, to put it mildly."

He brought the glass nearer. "H'm! . . . That seems to fit very well—looks almost natural, in fact. In the limelight it won't be noticeable. . . ."

"Yes; very useful things, aren't they?" said a quiet voice at the door. "Come in handy—now and again."

The Honourable Peter turned abruptly on the intruder, an individual attired in a top-hat and frock-coat, with obvious—but unavailing—pretensions to smartness. His clothing was somewhat disarranged, his tie awry. His face was red, as if from recent exertion; indeed, he still mopped it at intervals with a silk handkerchief of various shades of blue.

"I beg your pardon," said the Honourable Peter, icily, when he could speak.

"Don't mention it!" beseeched the new-comer, airily, with a wave of the hand. "Don't mention it at all! I was only saying what useful things those— By gad!" he cried, in amazement; "why, if it isn't 'Daddy'! Good old 'Daddy'!" And he advanced with outstretched arm.

Mr. Logram was somewhat taken aback at first. Then his choler rose. "What the—," he spluttered. "How dare—"

"Hardly knew you at first—with all that black hair," said the top-hatted gentleman, calmly. "It's a darn good wig, that. Shouldn't wonder if it took all the 'tecs' in, either. Why, you're got up, fit to kill—absolutely regardless," he added, admiringly, weighing up the Honourable Peter's outfit with a practised glance. "'Daddy,' you're a marvel—a perfect marvel!"

"How dare you, sir!" Mr. Logram brought it out at last. "I've never seen you before in my life, sir, and—don't want to again! 'Daddy,' indeed! Of all the pieces of impertinence—!" he gasped.

The other man broke into a roar of laughter. "Good—deuced good!" he chuckled, amusedly; "but it won't wash with me, you

know." He prodded Mr. Logram's ribs playfully. "Quite right," he went on, sobering down somewhat, "quite right to keep up the game before a stranger. But *I'm* all right, old chap—though you've never met me, as you say." He went into fresh paroxysms. "I'm one o' the boys, *I* am," he explained, confidentially. "Name o' Carshott—Jimmy Carshott. They've often told me about you down at the Club. Besides"—he looked at Mr. Logram half-reprovingly—"you're a public character, you are, you know. They've got a copy of your 'physog.' at every big police-station in England, I should think!"

"Do you mean to imply—?" The Honourable Peter was comparatively calm now.

"Course they have! You know that as well as I do," said Mr. Carshott, sharply. "I quite hold with being properly cautious—and all that. Don't blame you at all," he added, indulgently. "Needn't try to 'come' it over me, though, 'cause it won't wash."

"But, look here," Mr. Logram expostulated, "I'm not the man—the—er—friend of yours that you suppose."

"Oh, cheese it!" said Jimmy Carshott, rudely. "Be sensible, do! To come to business, now. Have you got such a thing as another o' them wigs and a change o' duds for me in one of those bags o' yours? If so, I'll hire 'em from you for the day."

"I have *not*!" said the Honourable Peter, firmly. "Your conduct, sir—"

"Tell you why," Mr. Carshott continued, unmoved. "I had two of 'em from Scotland Yard—Jenkins and a pal of his—in plain clothes, you know—on my track at the last station, and only managed to catch this train and get away from 'em by the skin of my teeth. They're sure to wire on, too, you know, according to their usual unpleasant custom; and things'll look rather awkward for me at the next stop."

"That's not for half-an-hour," Mr. Logram reminded him.

"Oh, good egg!" commented his companion, cheerfully. "May be able to do a bit of a change in that time. Lucky thing, rather, me hanging on to this train. Bit of a dash it was, *I* tell you. Then, you see"—reminiscently—"I was just walking along to find a nice, comfortable carriage, and who should I catch sight of but you, 'Daddy'! Here's a bit of luck for you, Jimmy, my boy," I thought. 'Here's a positive genius; here's one of the shining lights, so to speak, of the profession to ask advice of!' Now, surely you can give me a tip or two! You're an older hand at the game than what I am."

The Honourable Peter shook his head helplessly. He was past speech.

"Oh, well," said the top-hatted gentleman, sharply, "if you've nothing to suggest—" He shrugged his shoulders. "By the way," he added, suddenly, "forgot to mention it before—chaps at the Club were talking about it the other night. Hard luck on you, I call it!" reflectively. "I expect you've heard, though. What I mean to say is—your wife's on your track again. Thought I'd just mention it."

"My *what*?" asked Mr. Logram, sharply.

"Your wife," repeated his companion, firmly. "Your old woman. You know—your first—the Newcastle one."

"My *first*?" the Honourable Peter gasped. "How many have I, then?"

"Haven't you ever counted?" asked Mr. Carshott, with a grin. "You ought to know better than me. Besides, I never was good at figures," he added, humorously.

"But you're in error, my good sir. I am unmarried," said Mr. Logram, fiercely.

Jimmy Carshott whistled expressively, then lifted a reproving finger.

"Oh, you naughty old man!" he remarked, playfully. "Mean to say that last one at Sheffield—*O-oh!*" His face assumed a shocked expression. "Well, she's after you, anyway. Better be careful."

He glanced musingly at the silent Mr. Logram. "Don't take it hard, old chap," he said, consolingly. "You'll get away—same as you've often done before."

The Honourable Peter made a remark of no importance.

"Oh, fie!" said Mr. Carshott, jovially. "By Jove, 'Daddy,' you *do* look young in that wig! You've no idea."

"Once and for all," said Mr. Logram, menacingly, "my name is *not* 'Daddy'! Kindly——"

"Oh, my error!" airily. "Thought I could call you that—between ourselves, I mean. No offence meant. None taken, I hope?"

The Honourable Peter, in desperation, rose hastily and began to collect his luggage. His one idea was to get rid of this embarrassing companion somehow, and that as quickly and as conveniently as possible.

"I think it would be better," he said, frigidly, "if I were to change into another compartment, Mr.—er—Carshott. I wish you good-day."

"Oh! Don't want to get mixed up with me when the 'tecs' look in, eh? I quite understand. Or got a little game on yourself, p'raps? Righto! I know my place. I shan't interfere with you. By-bye!"

Mr. Logram, scorning reply, picked up his bags and moved off towards the adjoining compartment. But it was full, as was the next along the corridor; and as he came to the end one, and was about to enter, he caught sight of a familiar face through the glass. He gasped, and hurried back along the way he had come.

"Lady Parkinton!" he stammered, hurriedly. "Lady Parkinton and her girls! What infernal luck! Now what *am* I to do? I must get rid of this"—he raised a hand to his head—"somehow. I can't very well take it off in the corridor, either. If anyone should see me . . . And besides——!"

Disconsolately, he wandered back to his former carriage. Mr. Carshott, from the corner in which he was lounging, his feet upon the seat, looked up as he entered.

"Hullo!—back again?" he remarked, pleasantly. "Thought you wouldn't be able to tear yourself away from me like that. Here, I say," he interjected, hastily, "don't be an idiot now! Keep that wig on, or you'll be recognised as sure as eggs. As it is, you may get through all right. I know they want you for that Liverpool affair."

"My name," Mr. Logram tried to explain, replacing the wig with uncertain hands, "is the Honourable Peter Logram." And having made this portentous announcement, he waited to observe its effect.

"Oh, is that your latest—your latest *alias*, as some rude people would call it?" Jimmy Carshott inquired, politely. He grinned. "Bah Jove, Algy! You're dressed for the part pretty well, too," he observed, admiringly.

"If you've any remaining doubts on the subject, look at the initials on my bags," said Mr. Logram, truculently. "Or here's my card-case. Plain enough, isn't it?"

"Such attention to detail," observed Mr. Carshott, pleasantly, "is the hall-mark of absolute genius. I myself, now"—he waved a deprecating hand—"I'd never have thought of doing the thing so thoroughly as that. No; as, I believe, I remarked before, you're a marvel!"

What could he say? thought Mr. Logram, in despair. How could he convince this person of his *bona fides*? It was, apparently, impossible. All attempted explanations were merely wasted breath.

This being the case, he adopted what was, seemingly, the only other course open to him. Taking a seat at the farther end of the compartment, he relapsed into sullen silence; and presently a gradual slackening of the train's speed heralded their arrival at the next station.

Mr. Carshott withdrew his head from the window.

"Be careful not to say anything that'll give me away," he said, beseechingly. "Kid 'em for all you're worth, mind!"

And, while the Honourable Peter looked on in some amazement, he deliberately set himself to crawl under the seat.

"Might hang that rug o' yours over the edge a bit," came in a sepulchral voice from the depths; but Mr. Logram affected not to hear.

The train stopped. Outside, on the platform, an Inspector and two constables walked along, peering with care into each compartment as they passed.

As the former opened the door abruptly, letting in a draught of cold air from without, the sound almost awakened the Honourable Peter Logram, for he grunted, and shifted his position slightly, before composing himself again for slumber.

"Beg pardon, sir." The Inspector's tone, as he tapped the sleeper on the shoulder, was distinctly apologetic. "Haven't seen a chap in a top-hat and frock-coat, small black moustache, and dark complexion, I s'pose? We're after him, you see, sir—and he seems to have given us the slip. Shouldn't have troubled you, sir, only——"

Mr. Logram opened his eyes lazily. "Eh? Have I seen *what*?" He waxed indignant. "How dare you come here disturbing people like this! Can't you attend to your own business without my help?"

"All right, sir; all right! Don't you worry. If you've been asleep, of course . . ." The two constables followed the Inspector in. "Just going to look round a bit," the latter explained. He gave the Honourable Peter, who sat huddled up in a rug, a half-suspicious glance.

The search, conducted with the expert judgment born of long experience, could not have been called a prolonged one. Rough hands presently dragged Jimmy Carshott, dusty and disconsolate, into the light of day.

Mr. Logram watched with growing interest as, in due course, the prisoner descended, with his escort, to the platform. Indeed, his curiosity even led him, imprudently enough, to thrust his head out of the window to watch the little procession depart.

"Come along, Slim Jim," said one of the constables, almost rudely. "We've got you at last, my fine fellow! These 'confidence' dodges can't go on for ever, you know. Wonder you didn't try on your games with that gent in your carriage." Struck by a sudden brilliant idea, entirely foreign to his nature, he turned to the Honourable Peter. "Didn't lose anything while you were asleep, I s'pose, sir?"

"No," said Mr. Logram, hesitatingly, searching his pockets with a great show of thoroughness. "No, I don't think so, officer."

Turning abruptly, he caught the Inspector's eye. The latter was staring at him with a gaze of fixed intensity. His face bore a puzzled expression, as if he were trying to recall some fact from the unfathomable recesses of his official mind. Mr. Logram sank back into his seat.

"Er—good-afternoon," he said, hurriedly, through the window. "Fine—er—day."

The train began to move slowly, but, to his dismay, the Inspector walked alongside.

"Got a wig on, I notice," he said, meaningly, leaning forward. "I could have sworn I'd come across your face before somewhere. Let's see," he burst out, suddenly; "let's see how you look with it off!" And, before Mr. Logram could foresee his intention, his hand shot forward, and the Honourable Peter, bald-headed once more, gasped in inarticulate rage.

"Ha! I know you now, 'Daddy' Wilson!" cried the stout Inspector, triumphantly, panting with his run.

With a violent effort, he endeavoured to board the train, but his avoirdupois was against him, and it was moving quickly by now. Gradually he was left behind. . . .

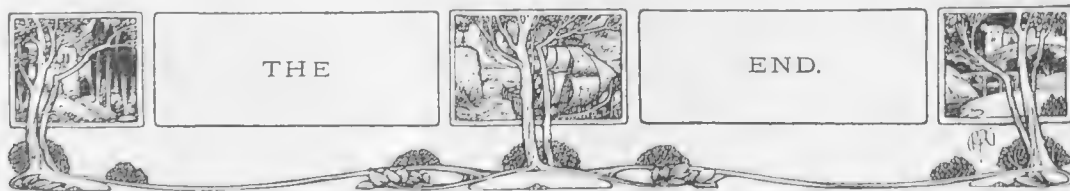
When the Honourable Peter had plucked up sufficient courage to look out of the window, he appeared on the edge of the fast-receding station—a mere gesticulating speck.

Mr. Logram groaned; then set himself to adopt drastic measures to counteract this; the latest development. With considerable trouble, he packed his thick travelling-overcoat into a quite inadequate space, and donned, in its stead a light-coloured dust-coat which he drew from one of his bags.

"Wish I'd never undertaken to get these blessed wigs—much less thought of trying them on in the train," he muttered, as he snatched at the black wig angrily; and then, after some difficulty, drew off the bald head, exposing his own brown curls. "Private theatricals are a beastly nuisance—that's what I say! If I'd only known what trouble they were going to lead me into, I'd never have promised to join!"

But on arriving at the next station, and noticing the careful preparations made for his reception, the humorous side of the affair came uppermost in his thoughts. It was with a sense of pleasurable excitement that he passed successfully through the suspicious officials who waited for "Daddy" Wilson, in expectation of an epoch-making capture.

"Give me a few sticks of grease-paint, or whatever they call it, by Jove!" said the Honourable Peter Logram to himself, triumphantly, "and let my hair grow a bit longer, and I back myself to beat that chap Irving at his own confounded game!"





HEARD IN THE GREEN-ROOM



THE production of "Salome" this evening draws attention to one of those glaring acts of inconsistency which make England a byword for stupidity and something worse amongst the nations of Europe. Because Salome and Herod, purely historical personages, a record of whose career may be found in any classical history, happen to be mentioned in the Bible, the Lord Chamberlain refuses to give his licence to the play, for the performances of which money may, therefore, not be taken at the doors. By the simple expedient, however, of selling seats beforehand to people, who by the act of purchasing them become subscribers to a Society, the performance takes place over the Lord Chamberlain's head. On the other hand, for the last two years and more anyone who has chosen to buy a ticket for "Everyman" has been able to witness the impersonation not of a mere historical character, but of the Deity Himself. The whole difference appears to be that because morality-plays were written before the Lord Chamberlain's authority came into being their performance is perfectly lawful, while the Lord Chamberlain's office vetoes plays in which the same characters are reproduced if they are written by modern authors. For the same reason, words are spoken in Shakspeare which would never be tolerated if the Censor had them submitted to him in a modern work.

"Shakspeare v. Shaw"! It might be the head-line of the report of a speech or lecture by "our only humourist" in a morning paper. It is, however, the title which Mr. J. B. Fagan has selected for the skit he has written for the Conway benefit, to be given on the afternoon of Thursday of next week. Mr. Cyril Maude will represent the poet who was "not for an age, but for all time," and Mr. Edmund Maurice will do the same for the philosophic jester or jesting philosopher who would probably prefer to write himself inversely as "not for all time, but for his age." Other parts will be acted by Mr. James Welch (the Judge), Mr. Kemble (a lawyer named Jill), Mr. Charles Allan (another lawyer, Sir Roofus Roofus); while Miss Winifred Emery, Miss Annie Hughes, and Miss Irene Vanbrugh, Mr. George Alexander, and Mr. Lewis Waller will appear as themselves, and Mr. Tree will be represented by another actor who will imitate him. The skit, which the actors declare is one of the wittiest things they have read for a long time, is, in brief, a *Revue*, and will play about half-an-hour.

Daly's without the vitalising presence of Mr. Huntley Wright will scarcely seem itself to the habitués of the theatre with whose success his name has been so closely associated for almost ten years. Still, the fact remains that Mr. Wright has numbered his days in the house the building of which Mr. Hayden Coffin has humorously remarked was originally due to him. Wherever Mr. Huntley Wright goes and whatever he does, one thing is certain—that he will bear with him the good wishes of all who have banqueted

on the laughter which his ability has enabled him to spread so liberally before them. His part as Bagnolet is to be taken by Mr. James Blakeley, who is at present acting in "The School Girl," in America. Only the other day, Mr. Edwardes brought Mr. Courtice Pounds from the United States, to oblige Mr. Tree, and now he is bringing over another actor for his own Company. Theatrically, therefore, the Atlantic is becoming not so much a division between the two countries as a link; and its crossing is, apparently, a matter of as little concern as the weekly railway journey which the actors in the various Touring Companies make.

Will the influence of the prolonged and varied course of Shakspeare which the actors at His Majesty's Theatre have recently been having be noticed in the performances of "Business is Business," which Mr. Tree is to produce on Saturday evening? The question is not without an interest of its own, for it by no means infrequently happens that in the earlier representations of a new part the effect of the actor's previous impersonation is distinctly visible, in consequence, no doubt, of a certain lack of that plasticity of which Mr. Tree has, happily, so large an endowment. In discussing the effect of acting many Shakspeare parts in close order, as it were, Mr. Tree admitted that a subtle difference was apparent in giving what his inquirer called a greater "Shakspeare spirit" to the actor. It might, indeed, be comparable to the physical facility which comes from the performance of exercises when the muscles have had a varied education. For the new play, it will be noticed that Mr. Tree has added to his company Mrs. E. H. Brooke, Mr. Dawson Milward, and Mr. W. T. Lovell, while Mr. Robb Harwood has returned to the theatre in which he has before distinguished himself, notably in "The Last of the Dandies."

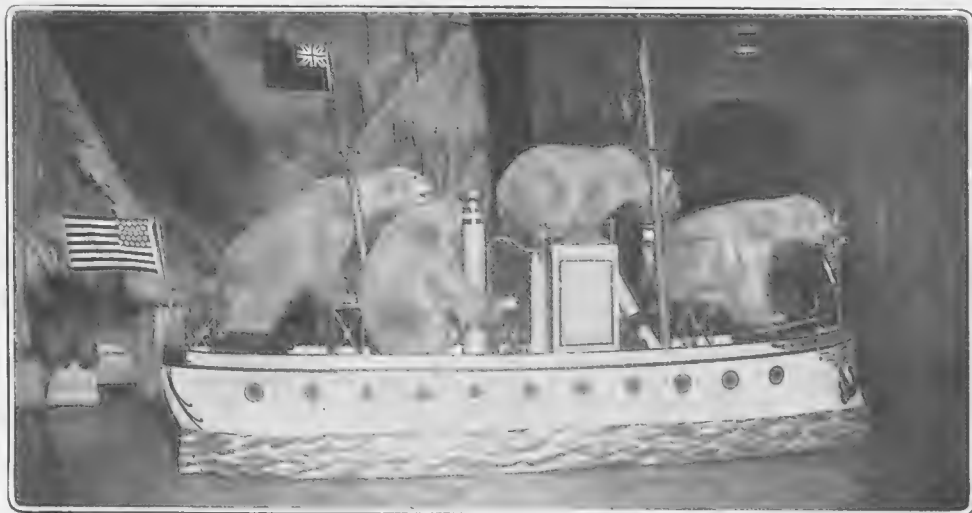
The reference made in *The Sketch* last week to the Hon. Mrs. Arthur Henniker's play makes it necessary to record the fact that the title has been changed from "An Island Romance" to that of "The Courage of Silence," which has in it a suggestion of strength that the former title undoubtedly lacked.

The many rumours which have been current about the reappearance of Miss Gertrude Elliott and Mr. Forbes-Robertson in "Hamlet" are all wide of the mark. The date of the reappearance of these popular artists is still unsettled, but this much may be said with certainty, that, whatever may be the play in which they finally decide to reappear, it will not be "Hamlet." Had it been possible to bring the scenery over from America in time, Mr. Forbes-Robertson's decision might have been in favour of the part in which he made so remarkable a success at the Lyceum, but, while he himself came by one of the fast ships, his scenery could not be got out in time and had to be sent by a much slower boat. This fact precluded the possibility of the original arrangements he planned while in America being carried into effect.



AN OLD SAVOYARD ON THE VARIETY STAGE:
MR. RUTLAND BARRINGTON AND MASTER ARCHIE GORDON IN "THE MOODY MARINER," AT THE COLISEUM.

Photograph by Campbell-Gray.



"THE NORTH POLE" IN LONDON: HAGENBECK'S POLAR BEARS AT THE HIPPODROME.

"The North Pole," the latest of the London Hippodrome's spectacles, introduces Hagenbeck's seventeen Polar bears in an appropriate and beautiful setting. Emulating the chute-shooting elephants in "The Golden Princess and the Elephant Hunters," the bears "slide the glacier," adding to this feat the taking of breakfast, sleigh-driving, gun-firing, the manning of a miniature warship, and wrestling with their trainer.

Photograph by Campbell-Gray.



THE Opera Season opened with Wagner's "Das Rheingold," and with that production achieved a great and immediate success. The "Ring" is, of course, one of Wagner's most extravagantly elaborate works, and by its simplicity in result the composer determined to show the world that the very innocence of his doctrine was not meant to be a matter of original simplicity to the world at large. It will occupy the minds of many generations before men will completely understand the point at which Wagner was aiming. He intended that his feeling and his meaning should always be simple, always be innocent; but so complex was he in his ideal that he scarcely understood (and we say so with a most deliberate feeling for his definite and accomplished sentiment), because he knew how much of an outcast he was amid the appreciation of those who, in his lifetime, lay beyond the gift of immortality which we in these days have allotted to him. Who shall ever give Richard Wagner his due? The magnificence of his composition, the wonderful realisation of everything that is great and beautiful in the complex virtues of his art, have never been altogether recognised even by him, save in "Der Ring des Nibelungen."

Yet what an enormous difference lies between the genius of Richard Wagner and that of Rossini, who is responsible for the work known as "Il Barbiere di Siviglia"! In its own line, Rossini never composed anything so entrancing and so thorough as this. It is well remembered that he himself regarded this particular opera as amongst his greatest and most exceptional works. The legend goes that in his own lifetime he was accustomed to sing the famous song which is devoted to the entrance of the Barber himself with tremendous enthusiasm and with great distinction. We have long looked forward very much to the performance of Figaro by M. Maurel. It is now many years since, in Italy, we heard an almost unnoted artist playing magnificently the same part; but M. Maurel is so fine, so deliberate, and so earnest a thinker that he fulfils in this particular part not only the ideal of Rossini, but also the ideal of most people who regard the part of the "Barber" of Seville as one of the greatest parts allotted to the men of our generation.

And, now, comes in a rather curious point of view. The men of the past generation looked carefully for the ideal of singing. They thought that when the voice was completed, the whole matter was concluded. They were wrong; and they were most obviously wrong, seeing that activity must accompany the enunciation of words. Rossini, we have no manner of doubt, did not write that exquisite music simply that a mere singer should make out his notes without any possible feeling of drama or of immediate and complete sensation towards the matter in hand. "Il Barbiere" is one of the most delightful dramas from any point of view; and Rossini treated the matter from that standpoint. Taking this aspect of the world, Rossini was perfectly right; and it would be somewhat absurd to treat his methods from a very excited and therefore very serious point of view. We wonder greatly if Rossini is regarded in England as an artist living on a very important level; but we must not forget that he, among many composers, still retains his vitality and his thoughtfulness, even though in his later life he gave himself up to all the qualities of his defects by

remaining idle. Wagner himself upbraided him for this very reason, that Rossini had accomplished all the promise of his youth in his very early life.

Herein lies one of the secrets of Rossini's immortality. Wagner wrote about Rossini's straw-hat and the green ribbons which Rossini tied under his chin, while all the time he was eating jam-tarts. Wagner lives and Rossini lives; and, despite the audacity of the question, who shall say which of the twain shall live the longer?

On Friday afternoon, May 26, M. Victor Maurel will give his single Vocal Recital at the Bechstein Hall. Mr. Landon Ronald will conduct, and Mrs. Landon Ronald will sing with M. Maurel the famous duet from "Don Pasquale."

Mr. Ronald seems now to have engaged the sympathies of many musical combinations. The London Symphony Orchestra has been engaged by the Crystal Palace Company to give three Symphony Concerts at the Palace during the months of November and December, at which Mr. Ronald will conduct. Mr. Tom B. Davis has also arranged to give a season of Promenade Concerts at Birmingham towards the end of June, which will also be conducted by Mr. Ronald, who will control a band of some seventy performers. Each Thursday in the season will be singled out for some special performance, in which well-known artists will appear as particular features of the occasion.

At the Bechstein Hall, Mr. Frederick Lamond gave the other day a Pianoforte Recital at which he devoted himself entirely to the works of Beethoven and Chopin. In Beethoven Mr. Lamond strikes us as being one of the greatest interpreters, with the possible exception of M. Eugen d'Albert, with whom we have had the pleasure to come in contact. His masculine strength, combined with his quiet dignity, makes one feel that here we have the true Beethoven readings. We have made an exception of M. d'Albert; and therewith we feel ourselves quite justified, for M. d'Albert is, so far as Beethoven goes, an absolute and unique interpreter of that great master's work. But he is lacking somewhat in sympathy when he approaches the work of a neurotic man like Chopin. So complete is M. d'Albert in his determination about Beethoven, that it is almost impossible to imagine that he could be equally complete in his interpretation of Chopin.

Mr. Lamond, however, just works between the two lines; not so fine an interpreter of Beethoven as is M. d'Albert, he still remains, in the combination of the two ideas, a more versatile artist. Mr. Lamond may play Beethoven less well than certain of his fellow artists; but at the same time he surpasses himself in the work of that most extraordinary and most neurotic artist, Chopin. Chopin, too, often attempted a sort of strength which he never experienced in life; he, in fact, thought himself to be, by reason of one particular Sonata, a man of music where he was only a personality who wished to do the best for his art, but who deliberately turned that art into effeminate paths. Mr. Lamond, it may be said, played Chopin not according to the composer's temperament, but very much according to his lack of sympathy with this chosen musician. Let him in future abide by Beethoven: the stronger and the greater writer of music belongs to Mr. Lamond's temperament and to his sense of musical duty.

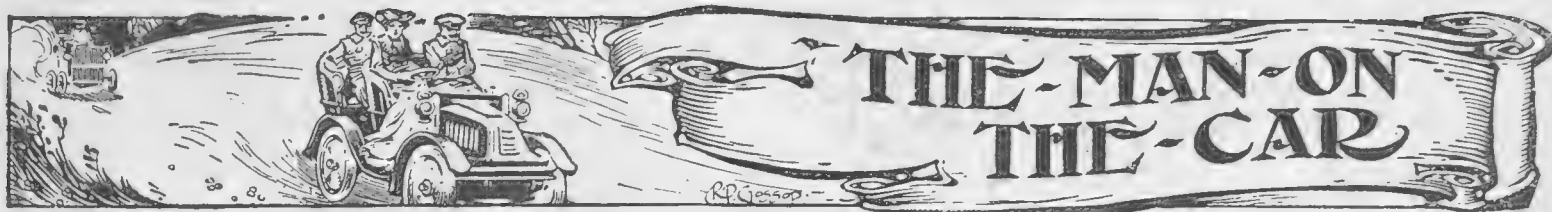
COMMON CHORD.



M. PADEREWSKI, CONCERNING WHOSE HEALTH SENSATIONAL RUMOURS HAVE BEEN SPREAD.

Fortunately, the illness which has incapacitated M. Paderewski proves of a less dangerous nature than many of the sensational papers would have it. The great pianist is suffering neither from the deadly spotted fever nor from shock to the spine, but from that trying if comparatively simple malady, nervous breakdown. It is expected that he will be able to leave for Switzerland to-day, for he has been ordered complete rest for a considerable time. Mme. Paderewski is with her husband, the cause of whose illness is said to be the shock he received on the night of April 19th last in an accident on the New York Central Railroad.

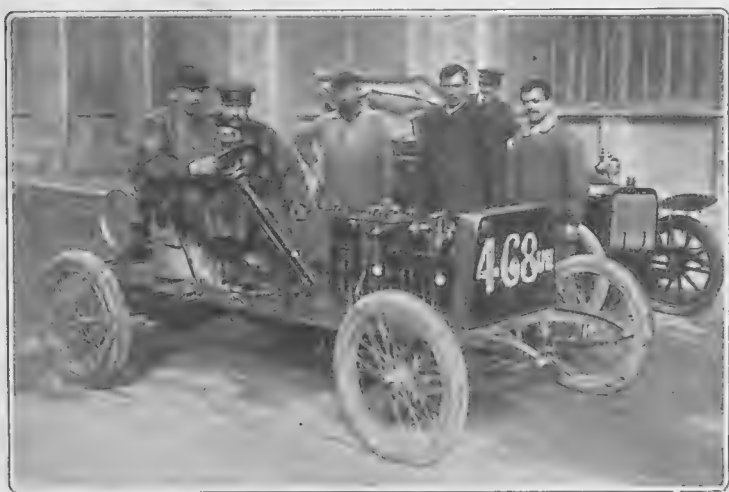
Photograph by the London Stereoscopic Company.



M. PAUL MEYAN V. MR. S. F. EDGE—THE DUST NUISANCE—THE POSITION OF THE IGNITION CUT-OUT SWITCH—AIR—
THE SCOTTISH AUTOMOBILE CLUB'S RELIABILITY TRIALS.

THE challenge issued by M. Paul Meyan, of *La France Automobile*, has found an acceptor in the person of Mr. S. F. Edge, who earnestly desires to measure the durability and reliability of a Napier car against the French Pressman's well-used De Dietrich, and does not want to make conditions. Mr. Edge is willing to cover the whole five thousand kilometres (3,105 miles) on the roads of France, as he recognises M. Meyan's suggestion that, in attempts to cover some three hundred miles per day, there might be trouble with the men in blue on this side of the Channel. If Mr. Siddeley, who, undoubtedly, has

been running half-an-hour or so. The advantage of a cut-out switch on the wheel is that coasting can be performed with a stationary and, therefore, perfectly noiseless engine, while petrol is saved and wear-and-tear, naturally, lessened. Of course, I mean that hills must be descended with the engine declutched, but only the idiotic and reckless drive down long hills, when gravitation would give them all the speed they can reasonably desire. These switches were dropped some time ago because of the increased danger of shorting when using such lengths of primary wire, but we have learnt much *re* insulation since then, and there is no fear on this score now.



ONE OF THE THREE DARRACQS COMPETING IN THE FRENCH ELIMINATING TRIALS FOR THE GORDON-BENNETT CUP RACE ON FRIDAY, JUNE 16.

Certain of the larger French motor-firms are making every endeavour to show up well in the French eliminating trials for the Gordon-Bennett Cup Race, and Panhard, Richard-Brasier, Bayard-Clément, Darracq, Renault, De Dietrich, and Hotchkiss are each represented by three cars.

Photograph by Branger.

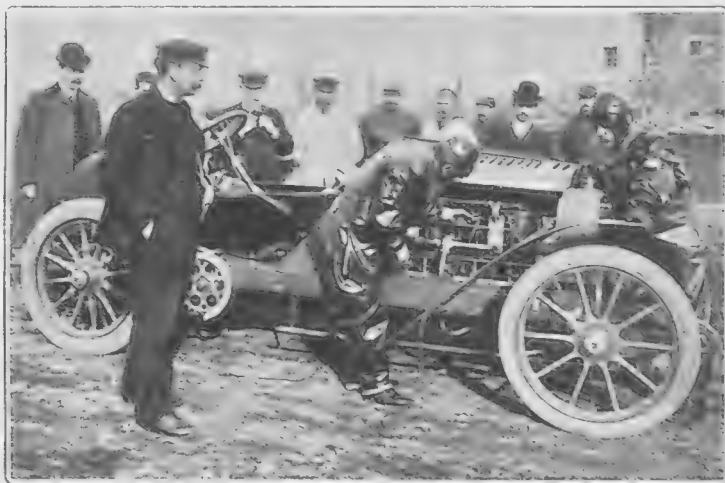
first call upon M. Meyan's challenge, does not see his way to running the whole distance in France, the Napier will stand as England's second string. For my own part, I think some other French car might be admitted to the contest, and the countries could then be represented by two cars a side; though, should only one car of each nationality get through, honours would be easy, and the French superiority would not be established. I see that, in reply to M. Meyan's request for official supervision, the French Club has referred him to its official timekeepers—why, only the French Club knows!

Although I hold that much can be done in the way of allaying the dust nuisance by attention to the form of the under-take of a car, in the face of the rapidly changing traffic circumstances on our main rural roads to-day the local authorities have to bestir themselves to perform their part. I know the cry of increased cost will be immediately raised at this suggestion, but, in reply, I would humbly suggest that the money received by the County and Borough Councils for the registration of cars and the licensing of drivers should be devoted to these purposes. What is done with the very large sums received by, say, a County Council like that of London or Surrey for registration and licensing? In common fairness to those who pay the fees, those who use the roads, and those who live beside them, the money should be applied to lessening any annoyance caused by the special form of traffic providing the income.

I have always marvelled that ignition cut-out switches are not more frequently placed conveniently upon the rims of steering-wheels. In my fairly varied experience, I have come across only two makes of cars so fitted, and they are from France. Indeed, the very earliest of one of the types was so provided, even when it was called a dog-cart and its engine was placed under the back-seat on the right-hand side; where the heat radiating from its then insufficiently cooled surfaces cooked the unfortunate passenger who sat above it nicely through by the time the car had

While air costs nothing and petrol one shilling per gallon, it is remarkable to note how few car-owners make any effort to use as much of the atmosphere as possible to propel their cars. I know there are now many cars provided with carburettors fitted with automatic air-inlets, which are supposed to respond to the demands of the engine and to admit air in proportion to piston speed. But these valves invariably admit the air on the supply side of the jet, and bad carburation and sooty plugs are to be found with the best of them. Now there is nothing so gratifying to the keen automobilist as to find he can improve his engine off his own bat, and many engines, not all, will be found to give enhanced results if they can take additional air on the cylinder side of the jet. Petrol consumption is reduced by this method, as the pull of the air over the jet and the consequent flow of petrol through the nozzle is not too largely increased. Messrs. Gamage, Limited, of Holborn, sell a simple, effective, and cheap form of automatic valve which can be fitted easily to any induction-pipe and as easily adjusted. It is only necessary to cut a round hole in the induction-pipe, clip the valve over it, and then experiment with the valve-adjustment until the best results are obtained.

To-day begin the four days' reliability trials promoted for the fourth time by the Scottish Automobile Club, but with a programme varied from that which has obtained during the last two years. In 1903-4 the trials took the shape of a two days'



ONE OF THE THREE RICHARD-BRASIER COMPETING IN THE FRENCH ELIMINATING TRIALS FOR THE GORDON-BENNETT CUP RACE ON FRIDAY, JUNE 16.

It is just possible that one make of car alone will represent France in the Gordon-Bennett Cup Race, for the first three cars in the eliminating trials will be the ones selected to represent France, whether they chance to be all of the same make or no.

Photograph by Branger.

run from Glasgow to London, with a night's stop at Leeds, the cars being garaged under inspection immediately upon arrival in the Yorkshire city, and gotten under way next morning in exactly the condition in which they finished the first day's run. This year, the cars will halt at a different town for three nights, again under inspection, and in the four days allotted will ramble half through Scotland, over some of the worst roads and up some of the steepest hills to be found.

THE WORLD OF SPORT

THE DERBY—STARTERS—FUTURES.

SPORTSMEN generally predict a very interesting race for the Derby this year. Cicero is going on well in his work, and he immensely pleased the critics who saw him gallop at Newmarket last week. The colt is as playful as a kitten. He

has no vice about him, but he is high-spirited, and it is lucky, in my opinion, that he is to be ridden at Epsom by a level-headed jockey like Maher. It is true that Maher has not a tall record for the straight course, but he is all right on the round track, as was proved by his masterly handling of Pharisee in the City and Suburban. It is now said that M. Blanc will run both Jardy and Val d'Or at Epsom. According to those who should be in the know, the latter was the better two-year-old of the pair, and is at the present time about 7 lb. in front of Jardy. This should be good enough for most of ours, but it must be distinctly understood that it is open to M. Blanc to run Jardy alone. In any case, I shall take Cicero to beat all comers. I need scarcely add that all the inmates of the Epsom workhouse are hoping Cicero will win, as his victory would mean a big treat for them. Vedas and Signorino, on their Guineas running, may go close at Epsom; while Llangibby should be pounds better by May 31.

So many horses are sent to meetings without running that some legislation is required to remedy the evil. How would owners of race-

to warn defaulters off Newmarket Heath. Therefore it should impress upon owners the responsibility of running for the stakes and leave the betting to others. Only the other day, a horse was just about to be weighed out, when the owner was told the bookies would ask for odds. As a matter of course, the animal was sent back to his stable, and the public were done out of the chance of being on the good thing at the best price obtainable. Every horse sent to a meeting should be compelled to run unless the permission to withdraw the animal from the race was obtained from the Stewards.

The good form shown by Ambition in the City and Suburban has drawn attention to the chance held by Mr. Blenkiron's colt for the Jubilee. He will be ridden at Kempton by a strong jockey, and he should go close. In the probable absence of Delaunay, Mr. Gilpin should find a good substitute in L'Aiglon, who was not quite wound-up at the recent Sandown Park Meeting. I am inclined to think L'Aiglon will win, and Ambition ought to get a place. Of course, I should fancy Ypsilanti very much if the Netheravon candidate went to the post, although he has been given a real good old welter-weight. I am inclined to think Caro will go very close for the Chester Cup. This horse was disappointed at the start for the Great Metropolitan, and even then he ran a grand race. Caro belongs to the lucky owner, the Duke of Portland, and the black-and-



A ROMANCE OF THE TURF: MR. PERCY WOODLAND AND MLE. EMILIENNE D'ALENÇON.

It is announced that Mlle. Emilienne d'Alençon, a "star" of the Parisian Variety stage, on which she is known as "la petite duchesse," and a lady who runs racehorses under her own name of Emilienne André, is to marry Mr. Percy Woodland, a jockey who has ridden a number of winners for her. Mlle. d'Alençon recently retired from the stage.

Photograph by Rol and Co., Paris.

horses like to book, say, a dozen stalls for "Becket" at Drury Lane, and arrive at the theatre to be told that Sir Henry Irving would not appear? Yet poor backers have to pay railway fares, and pay many fees, to find out that the very horses they came to back do not run. I have been told for long years now that the owners can do as they like with their own, but I contend this should not be possible when the public have paid heavy fees to witness the entertainment. The Jockey Club takes no notice of betting, except



THE FIRST MAN TO MAKE A CENTURY IN COUNTY CRICKET THIS SEASON: A. BAKER, OF SURREY.

Baker, who played for Surrey in the match between the Surrey First Eleven and the Next Seventeen at the Oval, scored 78 not out on the first day, and was eventually bowled by Rushby for 110. His play was almost faultless, showing more especially powerful off-driving and clean cutting. He reached his total of 110 in rather under three hours.

Photograph by E. Hawkins.



ONE OF THE PENALTIES OF FAME: THE AUSTRALIAN ELEVEN PHOTOGRAPHED BY A DOUBLE ELEVEN OF PHOTOGRAPHERS.

The Australian Cricket Team visiting this country has already experienced the penalties as well as the joys of fame, and amongst other things has had to submit, presumably with the proverbial smile, to the attentions of a great number of photographers. On the occasion we illustrate no less than twenty-two operators were at work at once.

Photograph by Moyse.

white colours often pay for following at Chester. Sand-boy, last year's winner, was backward at Epsom, but he should run well if fit and fancied. Karakoul has proved himself to be a regular "Yellow Jack," as he is always getting second, but never first. I do not think this course will suit Mr. Prentice's horse. Throwaway has no chance with Caro at the weights, and I shall stand the last-named with some confidence to win.

CAPTAIN COE.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

AT the Academy Private View, when everybody was discussing everybody else with one look at the paintings and two at the personages, I was amused to hear one well-known young married woman pointed out in passing as "the most tactful woman in London." "In what sense is Lady So-and-So tactful?" asked the country cousin to whom she had been indicated. "In all senses," answered her admirer. "She always says the right thing, she always does it, never seems bored with bores, is apparently

know, is a season of embroidery, chiefly white, and, as it is an expensive luxury, the nimble-fingered will find these pretty linen and muslin blouses, already traced for work, much more economical at seven, eight, nine shillings, and so on, than if worked by other hands and sold at their finished value. Peter Robinson's Art Needlework dépôt shows a big selection at most modest prices. By the way, their new season catalogue, called "Fashions of To-Day," is just out, and can be had, post free, on application. It is a complete summary of women's wearables, from the last syllable in French fashions to the first frock of "le Roi Bébé." Smart racing and garden-party coats occupy the first pages of this very comprehensive brochure; and glorified versions of our old friend the ostrich-feather boa, which has returned to decorate our summer exteriors, evening-gowns of the most engaging, and taffetas afternoon-frocks of extreme elaboration and modest price are amongst the illustrated contents. Some of the frocks are made with the modish half-sleeves, some without. One hardly knows whether to applaud this distinctly smart fashion or not. Like all others, it is being quickly imitated by the semi-submerged lower middle-class, and it was with mixed feelings of amusement and disgust that I saw a "young lady" of the most approved type emerge from a "mean street" off the



[Copyright.]

A CHARMING CREATION BY ERNEST, REGENT STREET

pleased whenever one meets her, and, in short, she has *tact*." A very birth-gift of the fairies is this same possession truly, and the woman who has it carries a talisman wherever she goes. She is conveniently blind, deaf, and, above all, dumb on occasion, and has the amazingly rare faculty of minding her own business, moreover. As a consequence, everybody likes her.

The woman who enjoys saying smart things at other people's expense, whose tongue itches until she confides the unpleasant things said about one by others, whose fatal gift of candour impels her to remark how ill or how old you look, how unbecoming your hat, how trying the colour of your frock—the candid woman, I say, is shunned just as much as the haughty, or the ill-tempered, or the interfering and well-meaning. Those well-meaning people—how well, how awfully well, one knows them, and flies at their approach! Give me the woman of tact for pleasant companionship, or even casual acquaintance. She may be poor or plain, or even commonplace mentally. She may not even be entirely sincere, but she is charming to meet; she strokes one the right way, and, ten to one, gives more pleasure to her fellow mortals in a week than all other types of the Eternal Feminine in twelve calendar months. To which various reflections I was induced by merely meeting a tactful woman at Burlington House.

Girls of industrious habit and decorative aspirations will be interested in the newly introduced linen blouses, which are stamped in various charming designs for embroidery. This, as all women



[Copyright.]

A VERY SMART WALKING-DRESS OF DARK BLUE.

King's Road with enormous matinée-hat—holes in her stockings—and white-gloved arms to the elbow of a cheap but gaudy gown! Returning to Peter Robinson's catalogue, some very charming Bridge coats are sketched, notably one in broderie Anglaise called the "Maud," blouses without end, and four pages of charming millinery, besides all the other details of woman's wardrobe which the most perfectly edited catalogue can contain. "Fashions of To-Day" should, in short, be in everybody's hands.

Last week-end we spent in an ideal country cottage with all its old characteristics preserved, while the comforts of these easier times were unobtrusively introduced. The casement-windows were

curtained in the most bewitching way, and I was interested to find that Gorrings, of Queen's Walk, Nottingham, was responsible for their artfully artless arrangement. Of Gorrings as an authority on curtains, window-hangings, and the minutiae of the house I have enthused for years. His prices are low, and his illustrated catalogue, sent post-free on application, should be in the hands of every *Hausfrau*.

The little white cloth frock, sketched this week at Ernest's, Regent Street, by our artist shows all the *chic* for which that house is deservedly distinguished. A simple skirt, corded at the hem, exquisitely cut, is surmounted by the draped bodice and belt. The collar and cuffs are edged with palest blue, a white lace cravat and vest "fill up the chinks," and a graceful hat of white crinoline straw, bowed with palest blue and rimmed with blush-roses, finishes off the ideal altogether for races or river. Ernest has some entirely original styles this season which the well-groomed woman should not miss exploiting. An Ernest dress carries its maker's hall-mark, indeed, as obviously as a brand its vintage to the connoisseur.

A beautiful pearl-and-diamond dog-collar and an equally excellent pendant necklet are shown forth this week—all the productions of the inimitable Parisian Diamond Company, each finely set *à jour* in gold of 18-carat, and reflecting the light with gleam and glitter of the finest real stones. In the face of such art, who wants real stones nowadays?

SYBIL.

THE ART OF PANTOMIME.

During her recent visit to London, Rosario Guerrero did more than cause crowded houses at the Palace Theatre: she revived public interest in the art of acting—one might almost say that she reminded those who saw her that there is such an art.

It is only in "pantomime," otherwise dumb-show, that true acting can be best appreciated, and the term has a far older origin than the class of entertainment bearing the name associated nowadays with the Christmas season. The popular pantomimes of the Romans (about 60 B.C.) have been described as "plays of gesture and dancing," known fifteen centuries later as the "ballet d'action," which, revived in Italy, developed later on in France, the outcome thereof being a revival of the Roman pantomime, associated with Noverre, who in or about 1747 is supposed to have created the modern "mime-drame" as a thing apart from the "ballet d'action." "Words," he held, "only serve to weaken the action and destroy its effect." In England, Colley Cibber was one of the first writers to appreciate serious pantomime. In criticising the London production of a wordless play entitled "Loves of Mars and Venus," he described it as "a piece formed into a connected Presentation of Dances in Character, wherein the passions are happily expressed and the whole story intelligently told by a Mute Narration of Gesture only."

Coming to modern days, London playgoers had an opportunity in the early 'nineties of realising the possibilities of dumb-show in that exquisite work, "L'Enfant Prodigue," in which Madame Jane May and Mlle. Zanfretta showed our English actors and actresses how it was possible to play without words. Some five or six years later, Mr. Tree, at Her Majesty's Theatre, with the worthy object of giving a stimulus to an almost forgotten art—that of dramatic expression—put on, as a first piece, that delicate little play, "'Chand d'Habits," with M. Severine and Mlle. Zanfretta in

the principal parts. The venture was not altogether successful, owing in part to the fact that the piece was too long for an audience unaccustomed to dumb-show, and in part to an unfortunate failure on the first-night in the working of the mechanical illusion on which the story largely depended.

Five years ago, Charlotte Wiehe, formerly principal dancer of the Copenhagen Opera House, paid a brief visit to London and delighted her audience with a couple of "mime-drames," the most notable of which was "La Main." Londoners had hardly "discovered" her when she took her departure, having been unable to obtain more than a very temporary tenancy of the Coronet and Terry's Theatres successively. On the occasion of her second visit, a year later, under the management of a French manager, she, unfortunately, appeared only a few days before London was paralysed by the postponement of the Coronation. On that occasion, by the way, she was supported in "La Main" by M. Max Dearly, who has since proved himself one of the finest actors of the French stage. Now we have had La Guerrero for a too brief period, but, happily, she is to return to the Palace after fulfilling some engagements on the Continent.

The wordless play is the most searching and sometimes the

most cruel test of the ability of the actor. Put some of our widely advertised actors and actresses on the stage to play a part with the aid of gesture alone, and they would be quite out of their element. We should see how expressionless are their faces, how meaningless are their attempts to portray love or despair, how useless are their arms and hands. What could they make of their parts without the author's lines, and, indeed, in some cases, without stage accessories?

Some few years ago, it occurred to the editor of a weekly paper to have two separate criticisms written of a particular play, the one by a temporarily blind and the other by a temporarily deaf man, and to publish them in parallel columns.

For the purpose

of the first column, one writer sat throughout the play with his eyes closed, and for the second another succeeded in stopping his ears very effectively with cotton-wool. The blind playgoer, from what he could only hear, wrote a lucid description of the play without difficulty, but the deaf man floundered through his article, drawing almost ridiculously wrong conclusions from what he could only see.

It was characteristic of Mr. Beerbohm Tree's thoroughness that he included on the original teaching staff of his School of Acting Madame Cavallazzi of the "Empire" Ballet. The true "ballet d'action" has proved itself the nursery of some of the finest exponents of dumb-show; in recent years it has given us, besides Cavallazzi, Charlotte Wiehe, the dainty Zanfretta, and, last but not least, Rosario Guerrero. It is because we in England have depended on playgoers for this form of ballet that we also depend on them for effective pantomime.

The Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company, of 112, Regent Street, W., has just issued two dainty little booklets, the one giving particulars of its antique clocks at moderate prices, the other devoted to the illustration of antique silver. Both are well worth the attention of all interested in such matters.



AN ARTISTIC COLLAR, NECKLACE, AND PENDANT AT THE PARISIAN DIAMOND COMPANY'S.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on May 29.

UNSETTLED MARKETS.

THE markets have been very unsettled and disappointing, while, with a nineteen-day Account in front of us, operators are not anxious to increase their books. The unsettled state of Wall Street is playing havoc with the little punter who loves a deal in Yankees, and whose success has, of late, been due to blazing American Markets.

For those who will fish in troubled waters, the best thing to do with Yankees and, probably, with Kaffirs is to buy on a fall and sell on the signs of returning strength, for the in-and-out policy is the only one which gives much chance of escaping loss. Home Rails are quite dead from a business point of view, but there has been more doing in Industrials, especially specialties like Hudson's Bays and Pekin Syndicate.

The Welsbach Report more than justified our forecast, for the Ordinary got 5 per cent. instead of the more modest 4 per cent. which we said some weeks ago was assured. The Report is distinctly encouraging, and the Preference shares, with all Debentures paid off, appear a cheap purchase at present prices. They have practically a first charge on the profits, which were £94,000 last year, and as it only takes £36,000 to pay the full 6 per cent., at 17s. 6d. the shares appear attractive, and should certainly be worth par.

The little promoting boom of a few weeks ago seems for the time being over, but we hear of further Egyptian Land Companies in contemplation, while several syndicates for trade and concessions in the Uganda Protectorate are talked about, one or two expeditions having already been sent to spy out the land; and several home Industrials are trying to get themselves underwritten.

FOREIGN POLITICS AS PRICE-MAKERS.

If there be any truth in the possibility of Japan or Russia buying the navies of the Argentine and Chili, the bonds of the two last-named are certainly worth attention. Each Republic might be so much the less eager to go to war with the other, and though the money would doubtless be used to build fresh ships, the danger of naval collisions should be, at all events, postponed. Argentine bonds have the renewed prospect of unification to assist their improvement.

As touching British Government securities and similar stocks, the Russo-Japanese struggle is not exercising so much effect now as is the apprehension of political trouble with the Continent. This mal-influence, we need scarcely remark, will blow over pretty quickly; nobody dreams that this country is likely to be drawn into a quarrel with Germany. But if peace be restored in the Extreme East, the settlement of irritations nearer home would become all the easier, and no especially rosy spectacles are needed to discern the prospect of an all-round rise when the eagerly-awaited peace is declared.

INDUSTRIAL INVESTMENTS.

Entering upon a nineteen-day Account, the speculative markets of the Stock Exchange, outside the American section, may find their activities further checked by the public disinclination to deal during one of these unpopular settlements. But if investment business takes a turn for the better, the Industrial Market will probably find its hands full, because people were already beginning to take an interest in Miscellaneous descriptions before the present spell of dulness set in, about the end of March. We may, perhaps, be permitted to point out the rise that has lately taken place in Gas Light and Coke Ordinary, the stock so often recommended for investment to correspondents who required a steady security with fair chance of increasing value. The dealers are short of stock, and the price might easily go to par. London and India Dock issues have come down rather rapidly, but the Deferred may go yet further before the tide turns, although the 4 per cent. Preferred stock at a shade over 100 is an excellent investment. There is more doing in Lipton shares—always a popular medium with the small buyer, who, we fancy, would do better to put his money either into Slaters, or, if he requires more interest, into Bovril Ordinary. The Chinese group of shares, in which Pekin Syndicates play the leading part, will go better in course of time, and we do not consider Shansi shares dear at their current quotation of about a sovereign. That Hudson's Bays should have checked their upward flight was a natural corollary to the slump in Canadian Pacifics

and Americans generally, but the slight decline is only a recoil from which a longer spring will be commenced later on. When Associated Cement Debentures reach 90 they should be sold: the price is close upon it now. As to the Preference, they are worth holding at their present price if the proprietor is content to regard them as a very speculative investment which gives him a big return on the money.

OVER-PRICED KAFFIRS.

However good the output, complain the holders of Kaffir shares, the market remains stolidly inert—indifferent to the progress of the industry, to the improved labour statistics, to the trend of South African affairs in the direction of a better basis than that which existed before the war. As one dealer remarked to us the other morning on the floor of the Stock Exchange, "We open, sag off a thirty-second or a sixteenth, and then go home." The market is suffering desperately from the public's abstention, and, so far as we are able to see, must continue to suffer until prices have either reached such a level as to make them tempting, or until the industry attains a position of such marked prosperity as to force fresh attention to the Kaffir Circus. With matters as they are at present, quotations in many instances are so absurdly high—to take Rand Mines and Gold Fields as examples—that the average speculator won't look at other Kaffirs at all, lest it be afterwards proved that the prices of these latter are as relatively over-valued as Rand Mines or Gold Fields.

PROSPECTS FOR SOUTH AFRICANS.

We have been taken to task by correspondents for presuming to question the intrinsic value of Randfontein being anything like the current quotation; but we have no hesitation in saying that Randfonteins will go to 2½, and lower, unless the market as a whole becomes revived by some powerful support. Dividends—or the lack of them—are bound to tell in the long run, and there is about as much prospect of a dividend on Randfontein as on Chartered. Prices would not be where they are now were it not for the support afforded by the big bear account, which introduces another complication into the position of the Kaffir Circus. In favour of a rise, there is the continued flourishing of the industry and the solid background of bears; on the other hand, public apathy and the still high level of quotations, in the light of dividend yields, militate against improvement. So long as there is no business doing, any inexperienced prophet can guess which way prices are the more likely to move in the nearer future.

OUR BROKEN HILL LETTER.

Last week our Broken Hill correspondent dealt chiefly with the great Proprietary Mine, but in this week's letter he treats more at length with the British, the Sulphide Corporation, and Block 10, all of which are largely held on this side. Evidently the feeling on the great silver-lead field is optimistic, and the future of the leading mines for some considerable time seems assured.

Broken Hill.

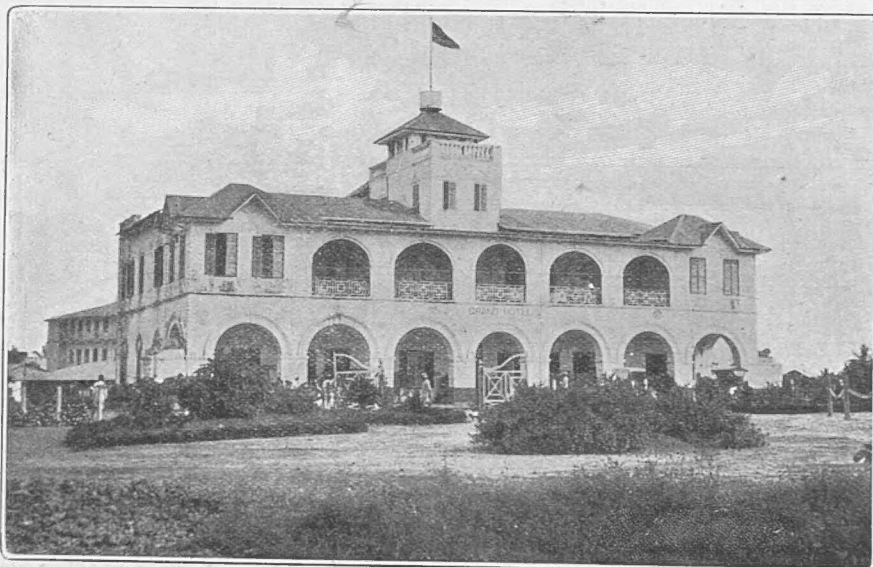
The official reports of the Sulphide Corporation (Central) and British are made known in England long before they reach Australia, and what is comparatively new to us in the way of figures *re* these mines is stale to British investors. But it will, perhaps, be invigorating to shareholders to know that both mines continue to produce freely and of good-value ore.

Late mill-figures give the Central concentrates as worth up to 62.4 per cent. lead and 30.3 oz. silver. Few figures concerning metal values are procurable from either the Proprietary or Block 10, though the silver contents of the latter's crudes are known to be the best of any mine along the line of lode.

Of the Central's underground work there is little fresh to write. Ore is plentiful, and reserves are increasing. The new ore-body in the Extended section of the mine will prove not the least valuable of the Company's possessions. Ere this reaches you, maybe, an experiment will have been started with a new process for treating the crudes, a mechanical process of separation. Much is expected from this plant. The British is doing consistent work on Block 15, its chief lease; and further tests are being made on Block 16. Both Marsh's and Thompson's shafts are being worked in exploration, and already excellent ore has been met with at the former's 200-foot level. Marsh's shaft is the nearest to the Block 15 workings.

Block 10 (which is sometimes quoted now on the London Exchange) re-started work late last year with its new plant. It is a magnificent plant, up-to-date in every way; but until the other day it was doing unsatisfactory work. Hitches were of continual occurrence, and results were poor. Work, however, is progressing, and the past four weeks have shown an advance in quantity treated, results, and recoveries. Block 10 is a good mine, and, now that it is once more making a weekly profit, should again be on the dividend list shortly. It has already paid out £920,000.

As I have frequently remarked before, one of the best mines on the Barrier is the



GRAND HOTEL, MOMBASA, EAST AFRICA (TERMINUS OF THE UGANDA RAILWAY).

South, which adjoins the Central. It will be paying dividends when some of the others are "dry." Mill treats up to 4,400 tons of crudes a week, and plans have been prepared for a new mill with a capacity of 6,000 tons. The erection of this mill has been virtually started. The average value of the crudes week by week ranges from 15·6 per cent. lead and 5·1 oz. silver to 19·8 per cent. lead and 9·2 oz. silver. The ore-bodies underground are simply marvellous, and the property is managed with brains. At one period, bad management threatened to ruin the Company, but the mine was too good—it kept its head up in spite of everything; to-day it is regarded as one of the soundest investments on the Hill. It pays quarterly shilling dividends on 200,000 shares, and initiated this year by adding a shilling bonus. Already the profits for another shilling dividend in May have been made, and another bonus is a certainty. A zinc plant will be erected by this Company so soon as the Board can make up its mind which process to adopt.

The mines now at work here are—Proprietary, Block 10, Central, South, South Blocks, British, Junction, Junction North, North, Round Hill, White Leads, and Rising Sun. The three latter are, as yet, only in their infancy, though they were tested for carbonates in other days. Block 14 is being unwatered preparatory to re-starting. J. R. Godfrey, Government Mining Inspector, has taken over the management. Since the beginning of the year about five hundred more men have been found employment, making the total number now on the pay-rolls about seven thousand five hundred. The town is so thronged with families that there is hardly a decent house vacant in the district. The field's export figures for the past year were big. They were (this is my own table)—

		BY QUANTITY.	
		1903.	1904.
Silver-lead ores—			
Crudes	23,293 tons	15,638 tons	
Concentrates ..	211,731 "	258,069 "	
Slimes	95,389 "	93,777 "	
Zinc concentrates ..	19,887 "	57,016 "	
Copper	163 "	281 "	
Tin	31 "	7 1/2 "	
Gold	3,138 oz.	3,468 oz.	
		BY VALUE.	
		1903.	1904.
Silver-lead ores—			
Crudes	£76,760	£36,472	
Concentrates ..	914,275	1,254,238	
Slimes	75,285	85,389	
Zinc concentrates ..	29,950	113,118	
Copper	2,212	2,431	
Tin	1,728	545	
Gold	12,152	13,782	
	£1,112,362	£1,505,975	

This year (1905) they will, unless something unprecedented happens, be even better. There is no fear of a water-famine this year. We have not had much rain

lately, but on Dec. 31 the Stephens Creek reservoir was estimated to contain 3,129,480,000 gallons of water. The total consumption last year was 131,788,770 gallons. The Water Company, by the way (shares are largely held in England), now has a Reserve Fund of £42,000. The fund is being built up against the time, in 1919, when the Company's works have to be handed over to the Government.

I am sorry I have nothing agreeable to say concerning the A.B.H. Consols. With this solitary exception (and the matter of the Junction North), nothing but the best can be written about the Broken Hill mines. The outlook is bright, exceedingly bright.

Saturday, May 6, 1905.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Only letters on financial subjects to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

MEXICO.—The people you name suspended payments a few months ago and now carry on as a Limited Company with a heavy debenture debt. We should not care to trust our money to their tender mercies, for, if anything goes wrong, the debenture-holders will take everything.

C. S. S.—We have answered your letter and returned the drawings.

OLIVE.—(1) You will never get a penny. Write it off as a bad debt. (2) The shares are unsaleable. (3) The Company is in liquidation. We are sorry to give you such a miserable answer, but, if you will deal with bucket-shops, the result is bound to be disastrous.

JAP.—The settlement has taken place, and, no doubt, your broker has communicated with you and settled the matter long before this answer will appear.

CANPACS.—The contangos are all reasonable, but we do not know whether the people you name are justified in charging anything; that depends on their terms of business. The cover deposited seems very large. We only write private letters in accordance with Rule 5 of Correspondence Rules.

C. D.—We have sent you the address, also that of an inside broker.

LOO.—Your letter was answered on the 6th inst.

A. W.—(1) Peruvian Preference are said to be the best bear in the market. A put option till end July would cost about £125 for the amount of stock you name. Why not sell a small bear, and if they drop, sell more? (2) You can deal in Home Railway options, but markets appear too sluggish to make it profitable. (3) A put option of Southern Common would cost about £2 10s. per cent. till end July.

SPA.—The Pawson Leaf shares are a steady Industrial, not unduly risky for the interest they pay. You cannot get 6 per cent. without risks. The other shares are a gamble. The market thinks the Company is doing better, but we have no reliable information other than current rumour.

INDUNA.—Write to the secretary of each Company, and you will get last Report, &c., sent to you.

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